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the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased from 11.6 million to 14.5 million (20% of the population). The number of people aged 75 and over has increased from 4.2 million to 6.1 million (10% of the population). The number of people aged 85 and over has increased from 1.3 million to 2.1 million (4% of the population).

There are a number of reasons for this increase. One of the main reasons is the increase in life expectancy. In 1990, the average life expectancy at birth was 76.5 years for men and 80.5 years for women. In 2000, the average life expectancy at birth was 78.5 years for men and 82.5 years for women. This increase in life expectancy is due to a number of factors, including improvements in medical care, better nutrition, and a healthier lifestyle. Another reason for the increase in the number of people aged 65 and over is the increase in the number of people who are surviving into old age. In 1990, 10% of people aged 65 and over were still alive 10 years later. In 2000, 15% of people aged 65 and over were still alive 10 years later.

The increase in the number of people aged 65 and over has led to a number of challenges for society. One of the main challenges is the need for more social care services. As people age, they are more likely to need help with daily activities, such as shopping, cooking, and cleaning. This help is often provided by family members or friends, but as the number of people aged 65 and over increases, the demand for social care services is also increasing. Another challenge is the need for more housing for older people. Many older people live in small, cramped, and poorly maintained homes. There is a need for more housing that is designed specifically for older people, with features such as ramps, handrails, and emergency call systems.

The increase in the number of people aged 65 and over has also led to a number of opportunities. One of the main opportunities is the need for more jobs for older people. Many older people are still working, but there is a need for more jobs that are suitable for older people. This could include part-time work, flexible work arrangements, and jobs that are less physically demanding. Another opportunity is the need for more services for older people. This could include services such as meal delivery, transportation, and social activities. These services can help older people to live more independently and improve their quality of life.

The increase in the number of people aged 65 and over is a demographic trend that is likely to continue for many years to come. It is important for society to be prepared for this trend by investing in social care services, housing, and employment opportunities for older people. By doing so, we can ensure that older people are able to live well and contribute to society for as long as possible.

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JUVENILE SERIES.

VOL. V.

SOCIAL EVENINGS:
OR
HISTORICAL TALES FOR YOUTH.

BY MISS MARY E. LEE.

BOSTON:
MARSH, CAPEN, LYON, AND WEBB.
1840.



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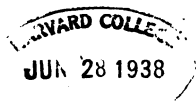
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Your true friend,

THE AUTHOR.



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SOCIAL EVENINGS :

OR

HISTORICAL TALES FOR YOUTH.

THE VACATION.

“ I AM so happy ! ” exclaimed Julia Seymour, as she hastily collected the basket of books, which had been her daily companions since the long-gone Christmas holydays, and, carefully placing a small roll of parchment above them, hurried after a group of young school-mates, who gathered around their teacher, Mr. Grahame, to bid him farewell, until the first week in May, when they would once more assemble in the school-room.

Prizes had been that day distributed ; and many a young girl blushed with pleasure, when the kind instructor, calling one after another by name, presented each, in turn, with some pretty gift, accompanied by those few words of commendation, which please young people even more than presents. To one, he gave a silver pencil-case ; to another, a pen-knife. A bright-eyed child, who had been often detected in drawing flowers on her slate, instead of sums, was made wild with delight, by a little box of pencils and colors ; another, who regularly supplied his desk with flowers, received a *neatly-tied* package, filled with assort-

ed seeds, accompanied by a hope that she would let him see how they flourished. Helen Howard, the eldest and most advanced pupil in the school, who was even studying Latin and Algebra, colored deep with pleasure, when Mr. Grahame handed her a tiny book-case, containing twelve small volumes of selections from the best English and American poets ; and Julia Seymour's eyes spoke quite enough of gratitude, when she took possession of a beautifully-colored map of Europe, which her teacher unrolled before her with a smile, adding, that he was certain she would learn something of each of its countries before they met again.

“ I am so happy ! ” she exclaimed, as, with the above-mentioned basket on one arm, and the other thrown lovingly round her friend Mary Grey's waist, she hurried with her from the school-room, and walked rapidly through the streets, chatting with her all the way, of the best plan for spending the coming holydays. “ Tell me, Mary,” said she, “ how are you going to begin to-morrow ? for I shall do just what you do. I suppose you will first read the pretty story-book, which Mr. Grahame gave you this morning ; will you ? ”

“ Not I,” said Mary, with a merry laugh ; “ a whole month will be time enough for that, and I am going to join the No-book family, for some days to come. I'll tell you what would be pleasant. I'll beg mamma to let me invite you to dine with me to-morrow ; and for fear you may be late, I will call for you myself, and we can take a long *walk together.* ”

“ Ah ! I should like that above all things,” exclaimed Julia ; “ good-by, and don’t forget to ask your mother ;” and as they had reached Mr. Seymour’s door, Julia, with a hearty shake, parted from her friend, and ran in, at full speed, nor took her seat at the dinner-table, until the map had been duly admired by her gratified parents, and eager brothers, Frank and Henry.

“ Poor little puss !” said she, as her pet, Rose, a sweet child of five years of age, climbed on her lap, and vainly tried to seize on the gay-colored parchment ; “ did sister forget to show Rosy ?” and, with a half-conscious kiss on either warm cheek, she laid her curly head fondly on her shoulder, and first wiping each cool palm with her apron, placed the precious map in the hands of the delighted child, who uttered a sort of jargon, as if she were reading it.

Julia Seymour was already nine years of age, but never was there a younger, lighter, gayer heart than hers. I have seen school-girls at that age, who put on airs of condescension towards those more juvenile than themselves, and who even moved with graceful dignity, as they watered the flowers within their own secluded garden-plots. One would think they were born grown up, and with their wisdom-teeth ready cut, to judge by the manner in which they treat those not quite so far advanced as themselves in years and accomplishments. How little do such dream of the heart-felt pleasures they relinquish, by thus turning away from the simple, artless enjoyments of the *young* !

God meant that each family on earth should be a small planetary system in itself. The parents may be compared to the blessed, life-giving sun, diffusing animation throughout ; the elder children, to the primary planets, which move so lovingly around that sun ; and the younger, those troublesome but precious playthings, what should they be, but the little asteroids, travelling in eccentric orbits, and hardly counted at all, but which really drink in as much life and light as any of the superior planets. Such a family was Mr. Seymour's. The parents were never so happy, as when they were imparting pleasure to their children ; and the children, on their part, though often giddy and careless, were so affectionate, loving, and united ; so cheerful and full of intelligence, that Mrs. Seymour, when once asked, by a visiter, whether she cultivated choice flowers, pointed to the merry group, who sported in the garden, and, with a moistened glance, replied, " Yonder are my most. precious flowers ; they form a bouquet that will never fade." And truly she had a treasure in her young Julia. She was not beautiful ; indeed, a passing stranger would have called her homely : but no one could look on her rounded, rosy face ; her loving, laughing eyes ; the good-natured smile, that continually nestled in a dimple on either cheek, like a dew-drop in a rose's cup ; and, more than all, the ever-waving hands, that seemed eager to lend aid to any body that needed, and then not say, " She is lovely."

Yes ! young readers, although my heroine's

eyes were gray, and her complexion rather dark, and her mouth rather large, yet I assure you, I once heard a gentleman, and a good judge of beauty too, exclaim, as he watched my sweet friend, busily engaged in dressing the little Rose with her name-sakes, roses, "What a beautiful countenance Julia has!" And often, now, when she visits me, I find something,

"In her clear and ready smile,
Unshadow'd by a thought of guile,
And unpress'd by sadness,—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness."

And at such times I cannot help owning that there is a loveliness, lovelier far than that of form or feature, the charm produced by a gentle spirit and kindly feelings.

Dinner was just over when a note arrived from Mary Grey; it read as follows:—

"Dear Julia,—As soon as I asked mamma, she said, 'You *may* invite Julia Seymour to spend to-morrow with you, for she is a great favorite of mine.' I was so glad to hear her say so! I wonder whether your mother likes me as much. I will call at exactly six o'clock in the morning, and we will take a long, long walk.

"Your true friend, MARY GREY."

Mrs. Seymour smiled as she read the note, and added, when she gave her consent, "I rejoice that *my daughter has chosen so amiable a girl for her*

friend," a remark, which was speedily set down on the half sheet containing Julia's answer ; for little girls, as I have ever observed, delight to write down any pretty compliment, paid the companions whom they truly love.

The happy child then hastened to her garden, where little Rose held the rake, while her sister sprinkled the small seed over the neatly-made bed, as Julia sang, in shrill tones, this favorite verse, from Mary Howitt's pretty poem, called 'The Garden :'

" I set them in my garden beds,
Those beds I loved so dearly ;
Where I labor'd after set of sun,
And in summer mornings, early."

Rose's young voice always joined in the chorus, "In summer mornings, early ;" which was repeated so often, that the old gardener stopped working, and leaned on his hoe, to see the "clever little missy," as he called her.

The evening was spent in examining the beautiful map, and Rose made the boys shout with laughter, when, on being asked the name of one country, which they pointed out, she mistook Julia's low whisper, and instead of Turkey, cried out, with a knowing look, "Ducky, Ducky, Ducky."

The morning sun had just finished his journey round the other side of the globe, when Julia sprang out of bed, and, raising the curtain, took a hasty glance at the sky. It was the first day of *April*, and although the heavens were as clear

overhead as a child's hopes, yet a dark mass of clouds hung low in the east, telling the approach of rain. Julia was in too bright a mood to quarrel with clouds, or any thing else ; indeed, her motto ever seemed to be,

“ 'Twere better far to take them as they rise,
The ills and joys of life alternately.”

Her mother, too, observed the weather, and inquired whether it would not be well to defer the visit to another time ; but when Mary arrived, full of spirits and animation, she felt it hard to chill her by a denial, and bidding them walk rapidly, she stood at the window, watching their retiring forms.

Hand in hand, they went along, down the shaded street, stopping often for a moment, to admire the pretty gardens, filled with a superabundance of the gayest and sweetest flowers. At length, they reached one, where the walks were bordered with tufts of the largest violets they had ever seen.

“ I would give something for a pick at those fine violets,” exclaimed Mary Grey ; “ mine are poor things compared with these.”

“ Then walk in,” said the gardener, who was stooping in a corner, and had been quite unobserved until now ; “ walk in, young ladies, and take as many as you want.”

The offer was too tempting to be refused ; and, forgetful of the sky, which was now fast lowering, the two friends vied with each other, in collecting the finest and largest number of violets ; and perhaps would have remained yet longer, if Julia

had not exclaimed, "Look ! Mary, look ! here is one violet heavy with water ; I thought the sun had stolen all the dew for his breakfast, long ago."

"The sun will not shine to-day," answered the gardener, "for, see, the rain is falling already," and, as he spoke, he pointed out many large drops on the surrounding plants.

"Make haste ! make haste, Julia !" exclaimed Mary, and hardly waiting to thank the obliging gardener, they hurried through the open gate, and were soon a whole square off.

But their delay had already proved too long, for April is seldom polite in giving notice of his showers. Before the girls had advanced many steps, the rain fell in torrents ; and their garments were dripping, and their brows hot with fatigue, before they reached Mary Grey's door.

Mary wished Julia to change her dress immediately, but she preferred drying it at the kitchen fire, and a quarter of an hour went by, before Mrs. Grey learned of their arrival. She immediately made them hasten to her chamber, changed their garments, and, after rubbing their feet perfectly dry, with her own hands, bade them lie down and rest until the breakfast-bell rang. The girls obeyed, and laughingly talked over the morning's frolic, little imagining that it would be attended with any disastrous consequences.

They were both in high spirits until dinner-time, when Julia complained of darting pains through her head, accompanied by sudden and violent *chills*. Mrs. Grey felt her pulse, and was alarmed

by symptoms of fever ; ordering the carriage, she rode home with the drooping child.

They soon arrived at Julia's home, and as her mother hastened out to meet her, after this short separation, she was shocked on observing her daughter's flushed countenance, her drooping figure, and the drowsy and vacant expression of her usually sparkling eyes. Thanking Mrs. Grey for her kindness, she hurried the sick child to bed, wrapped warm blankets around her shivering limbs, and immediately despatched a servant for the family physician.

Doctor Wilson soon arrived, and pronounced her disease to be the scarlet fever, which was then prevalent among children. "As your daughter's case is taken in hand so early," he said, "I trust she may recover in a short time."

Long days of fever and suffering, and nights of anxious suspense, followed this first hour of sickness. Julia's eyes became so much affected, that she could not bear the least gleam of sunshine. The shutters were closed, the windows covered with green curtains, and the night-lamp was placed in the most retired spot from the sufferer, yet even then she complained of intense flashes of light, and pressed her hands over her lids, as if to shut out every ray.

Some weeks passed by thus sadly, when one morning, as the doctor entered, he was delighted to find his patient wonderfully better. Her pulse beat regularly ; her sleep was calmer than it had ever been since she was first attacked ; and al-

though her voice was languid, she spoke cheerfully, as she told her physician that the pain had entirely left her eyes, adding, "Do, sir, open one window, for the room is so strangely dark, that I cannot even see mamma's face, this morning." Doctor Wilson made no reply, but, as he turned away to throw open the shutter, Mrs. Seymour, who had leaned in silent distress by the bed-side, observed that his face grew very pale; and when he asked, in a voice of deep emotion, "Do you see me now, my dear?" and heard Julia answer, "All is quite dark yet," she fell by the couch, and covering her face in the bed-clothes, as she knelt, murmured, "Oh! I feared it would be so! I feared it would be so! God's will be done!"

The silence of death succeeded, until the poor child exclaimed, "Come near me, mother. Where are you? All is so black!" And when she felt her mother's arms around her, and tried in vain to penetrate the gloom, the truth flashed on her mind; till, clasping her hands in agony, she shrieked aloud, "Oh! I shall never see you again. Mother! mother! I *am* blind!" and falling back on her pillow, she gave way to a strong excess of grief, wringing her hands, and sobbing out, "Father! mother! Rosy! Oh! what shall I do? I am blind!"

Mrs. Seymour was quite overcome with the shock, and the good physician was deeply affected, but, assuming a cheerful tone, he took his seat by her side, and lifting his little patient in his arms *wiped the tears* from her pale cheek. Then he

bade her look up, and let him examine her eyes. He soon discovered the cause of her blindness, and was convinced that he might probably restore her sight ; he hastened therefore to speak of the probability of her recovery.

“ You must not call yourself blind, my dear,” said he. “ Look, Mrs. Seymour ; do you not see these films ? If, in the course of a few weeks, my dear patient will submit to some pain, and allow me to remove them, I have the strongest reasons to believe, that her eye-sight will be entirely restored. The visual organs are not destroyed, and an operation, called couching, is daily resorted to, in such cases, with the happiest effect. Only be patient, Julia.” The blind girl turned her sightless orbs in gratitude to the good physician’s face, as he spoke, and a sweet smile played on her lips, as she murmured, that she would willingly take any medicine, and bear a great deal of pain, if she could but see again.

Doctor Wilson then departed, first advising Mrs. Seymour, that her daughter’s mind should be kept constantly amused by cheerful conversation, or any little plans of diversion, that her mother could contrive. “ Let her brothers and sister be admitted now,” he added, “ for there is no danger of disturbance from them.”

The news of Julia’s misfortune spread quickly around the neighborhood, and as she was a universal favorite, every one tried to contribute to her amusement, and presents and endearments were lavished on her, in profusion. Her young

brothers, with the most tender care, avoided every allusion to her want of sight ; and although it was their vacation, they sat for hours together in her dark chamber, telling her amusing school-jokes ; guiding her fingers over the little harmonica which their father had given them, until she could play, quite correctly, the simple air, " A way with melancholy ;" reading her favorite tales, from her own well-known volumes ; letting her feed their canary-birds ; and, what was most thoughtful of all, the eldest boy, Frank, observing that his sister could not admire the gay-tinted flowers of their own garden, went quietly round the neighborhood, and begged a bouquet* of those kinds, which, although sombre and hardly pretty in appearance, (if any flowers can be called *not pretty*,) make up their want of outward dress, by their intrinsic and lasting perfume. There was the mourning bride, which hangs its head,

" Like a nun, in raiment sable,
Sorrow-bow'd, inconsolable ;"

there was the dark-leaved wall-flower, that lives through all seasons, like hope in sorrow ; and sweetest and most abundant was the shrub, whose buds, though dusky and homely, dispense the most grateful perfume.

As for Rose, she would lie for a half-hour at a time, making her sister guess the contents of each posy, by its smell ; twisting her long hair, in and out of papers ; forming cat-cradles on her fingers, *and choosing* for her the largest strawberries and

* Bunch of flowers, nosegay.

the ripest fruit, from her frequent presents. One day, in particular, she moved Julia to tears, when, in her artless manner, she threw her arms around her sister's neck, and said, "God took away sister's eyes, but I'll be eyes to sister!"

Mary Grey passed a part of every morning with her friend, who gradually gained her flesh and strength, and was able to sit in her mother's cushioned rocking-chair, when, if a casual observer had peeped in, he might have supposed the sightless girl to be the sun of the little system of children that gathered around her.

Her parents' chief employment was to render her happy, and they had reason to rejoice in her apparent resignation, until one morning, when Mrs. Seymour was alarmed to find her daughter giving way to a violent burst of grief. She anxiously inquired the cause of her tears, and sympathized in her sorrow, when Julia, sobbing as if her heart would break, exclaimed, "Oh, mother! I cannot help crying; I could bear it all until now; but the holydays are over, and Mary and the boys must go to school to-morrow. Even Rosy will want to go to her infant-school. Oh! what shall I do then? I shall be all alone!" and again she bowed her head on the arm-chair, and gave way to fresh sorrow.

Just then, Mr. Seymour entered, and tenderly asked, what ailed her. He was silent, for a moment, when he learned the cause; but his face brightened, as he said, "Rose shall stay at home with Julia. It will amuse her mind to attend to

the child's wants ; and I am thinking, wife,—why cannot we get a small circle together every evening, and contrive some plan, which may combine instruction with amusement for our dear little girl ? Ah ! here is your new map ! Would you like to have me, my dear, relate some stories connected with the different countries it contains ? Perhaps it would please Mary Grey too."

"How good you are, father!" exclaimed Julia, coloring with delight. "I know Rose will learn so fast with me. Would you believe it ? she can repeat the verses, 'The rose had been washed,' already, and it is just one week since I commenced teaching them to her. Then I wanted to know something of that map, before I see Mr. Grahame again ; and your plan is so pleasant." And as she spoke, the child's elastic spirit rose above the pressure of disappointment, and she soon entered with animation into a game of "Think of some great man, and I'll tell you who he is," in which her brothers were deeply engaged.

The next morning, Rose was up with the sun, and, seated in her sister's lap, she gayly repeated all the nursery rhymes, which she had caught at the infant-school ; went through ten words in the child's spelling-book, with but a single yawn ; and cut a large doll, out of paper, almost as well as Julia could have done, herself.

The morning passed quickly ; for Julia had to decorate the room, with the flowers which Rose picked ; besides answering questions on three *pages of First Lessons in Arithmetic*, with her mo-

ther ; and plaiting a small part of a simple braid-guard, for her father, who said he would prize it far more, because it showed the perseverance and cheerful activity of his daughter.

At length the hour of sunset arrived, and, seated on the sofa, Julia gladly welcomed her friend, Mary, with George and Alice Somers, whose parents willingly agreed, that they should pass an hour with her, every evening, for the ensuing fortnight.

There were just seven children in all : Julia, with her three visitors ; the two boys, and little Rose, who sat as quiet and sedate on her sister's lap, as if hers had been an old head, on young shoulders.

The map of Europe was outspread on the centre-table, and the eldest girl was desired to draw a slip of paper, from many fragments thrown together in a small basket ; on all of which were written the names of some of the chief countries of Europe. Mary Grey, who was the eldest among the girls, approached the table, with a face radiant with good-humor, and drew out a slip, marked '*England*,' for which she was very glad, she said, as she loved that country better than any other, because the people who inhabit it spoke the same language as herself.

They were soon seated in deep attention, and Mr. Seymour commenced reading, in clear and distinct tones, the following simple story, the scene of which is laid in two of the principal cities of England, namely, London and Oxford. Before my young readers commence the tale, I would

advise them to refer to the map, and discover the exact position of these two above-mentioned places.

THE GOOD PROTESTANTS.

AN ENGLISH TALE.

It was a lovely morning in October, and the sun shone bright and clear over the ancient city of Oxford, with its numerous large and massive buildings, glittering in its first rays.

This magnificent place has been the centre of learning since the time of Alfred the Great, an early English king, who, whether considered as a sovereign, a hero, a scholar, or a patron of letters, may be safely compared with the best men of either ancient or modern times. It is almost one thousand years since he founded the College of Oxford, for the purpose of enabling his nobles to bestow a liberal education on their sons ; and since then, it has been the nursery of some of the brightest minds that ever lived. Oxford is generally remarkable for the quiet and sober appearance of its exterior ; but on the particular morning to which my story refers, its streets were thronged with the bustle of a confused and irregular multitude ; the windows of every house around Baliol College, situated in the northern part of the city, *were filled to overflowing* ; and a long and motley

crowd came pressing across the Magdalen Bridge, which forms one entrance from the surrounding country, over a small stream.

At a distance, judging from the numbers, of all ages, and both sexes, who thus met together, a stranger would have supposed it to be a great festival-day; but a nearer view disclosed sullen frowns, and revengeful gestures, and desponding forms, among the crowd, telling, as plainly as words could tell, of some sad and momentous circumstance which was about to take place. Men spoke in low and subdued tones, as they stood in groups together; and women and children watched with that straining glance, which ever reveals the approach of some uncommon spectacle.

Presently there was a stir among the multitude, and a pathway was forced by armed men, while a band of the same assembled around an open square, where stood a huge pile of fagots of wood, about the centre stake of which hung a heavy iron chain.

Every eye now turned to the end of the long, living avenue, through which the victim slowly came, for whom the pile was intended. The cathedral bells tolled with melancholy sound, and the prisoner appeared, seated on a hurdle or sledge painted black, and drawn by a white horse. It was the good Bishop Latimer, one of the most pious and humble Christians that ever lived, who was now sentenced to be burnt to death.

“O! father,” exclaimed Julia, “what could induce any *body* to burn so good a man to death?”

“ You may well be astonished, my daughter,” answered Mr. Seymour, “ that our religion, whose distinguishing trait is benevolence, should have been ever employed as an engine of persecution. In our happy age, every man may judge for himself, and safely adopt whatever creed he chooses, without endangering his life or property. But it was a very different case in England, three hundred years ago. A cruel queen then reigned, by the name of Mary, every feature of whose character seemed marked by bigotry, violence, revenge, and cruelty. She was ardently devoted to the Romish faith, and instead of allowing the Protestants to live quietly, she treated them in the most barbarous manner ; and during three years of her short but bloody reign, more than three hundred Protestants were burnt to death, because they would not become Papists. She offered a pardon to Latimer, if he would recant, but the good old man was not afraid to die ; and when they tried to shake his faith, he sent the messengers away, to tell Queen Mary, that he would rather lose his life than his soul.”

For sixteen months he had been confined in a dark and dismal prison, and when the day for his execution arrived, he seemed quite cheerful, as he was led out into the bright sunshine ; and as he moved along on the sledge, dressed in a white shroud, with his silvery head palsied with age, many of the spectators burst into tears, while a few fearless friends, who loved him dearly, entreated for the old man’s blessing. When the

open square was reached, he gazed calmly on the pile, and a sweet smile played on his lips, as, with the aid of his staff, he ascended it, cheerfully observing to a fellow-sufferer, at his side, "Be of good courage, brother! stand fast like a man! for we shall this day light a candle in England, that shall not speedily be put out;" by which he meant, that the Protestant religion should at last rise triumphant, in spite of all the efforts of its persecutors.

The executioner firmly fastened the iron chain around his body, and placed a blazing fagot in the pile of wood. Sighs and lamentations broke from many, amid the multitude, as they saw the wild flames rising around their beloved Bishop, but no one ventured to release him, because they feared Queen Mary's guards, who were stationed in every part of the city, and whose cruel vigilance would mark out every one who made any resistance to her authority.

But among that horror-stricken crowd was one, whose distress prevented all measures of prudence. Alice Bertram was a poor widow, whose husband had died two years before, leaving her with a young daughter, and small means of support. It was a dark day to Alice, as she returned to her miserable home, after having seen her husband's remains committed to the lowly grave. While her partner lived, she had cheerfully contended with want and privation of every kind; but when his loss fell on her, like a sudden and unexpected blow, her buoyant spirit gave way to

the deepest despondency, and, after seeing the last clod thrown on his coffin, she sank beneath that cold, cold heart-chill, that comes with the startling conviction that we are left friendless in the world. But a good Providence still watched over the widow and her little daughter. As she sat, on the evening of her husband's funeral, paralyzed with grief, and regardless of the young Lucy's caresses, she was startled by a soft rap at her cottage door. It was Bishop Latimer, who had marked her deep dejection, as she passed by his house; and although an entire stranger, he slowly followed in her footsteps, for he was in the habit of paying visits to many a lowly hovel, which was ever cheered by his charities and consolations.

The Bishop was very happy to learn that she was a Protestant; and before he departed, Alice Bertram seemed much comforted, for, after reading a beautiful and tranquillizing portion of the Scriptures, which he always carried secretly about his person, he placed in Lucy's hands a small amount of money, to assist them in their present need.

From that period, Bishop Latimer was a constant and most welcome guest at the cottage; and when he presented the widow with a plain, but strongly-bound New Testament, she felt that she owned a treasure of more value than all the Queen's wealth.

"Was printing then discovered?" asked George Somers.

"Yes," replied Mr. Seymour, "but the pur-

chasers of books, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, were almost wholly confined to the class of nobles, and the richer citizens, and scholars by profession."

No wonder, then, at the widow's distress, when she heard that her beneficent friend was about to be put to death in so dreadful a manner. "I cannot go! I cannot go!" said she, when an humble neighbor came to invite her to join the multitude, who had assembled to see Latimer die. But then she remembered what a testimony to the truth of her religion it would be, to watch the martyr in his last trial; and after shedding many tears, she took Lucy by the hand, and, with a fervent prayer for strength, went the way leading to Baliol College.

Alas! Alice Bertram little imagined her want of fortitude. While the procession moved to the stake, she stood in a deep revery, or as one stupefied by a frightful dream; but when the flames burst out, and wrapped Latimer in their devouring mantle, she rushed forward, regardless of consequences, and tried to clasp the burning fagots, calling her friend by the most tender names, and entreating those around to save him.

"Throw the wretch into the flames, with her Bishop!" shouted the savage Bonner, a man of the most brutal character, and who seemed to take delight in executing the commands of his cruel sovereign. But before the executioner could accomplish the unfeeling deed, a kind neighbor rushed from the surrounding crowd, and, seiz-

ing the fainting Alice by the arm, dragged her rapidly through the streets, until he lodged her safely in her own home.

But her devoted attachment to the martyred Bishop had not passed unnoticed. When the curfew bell tolled that evening at eight o'clock, a regular signal, that all the inhabitants of the city should extinguish their lights and fire, the widow blew out the small lamp by which she had been spinning, and, approaching the door of her cottage, listened for a moment, if any noise could be heard in the streets. All was as still as death, and Alice knew that they might safely read their accustomed chapter in the New Testament, which their friend had given them. She quickly blew the dying embers to a low blaze on the stones;—for in those times they had no chimneys to their houses, but the fire was kindled on a rude mass of rock or stone in one corner of the apartment, and the stifling smoke escaped partially through the door and windows;—then, with Lucy's assistance, she displaced a block in the chamber floor, and took out the precious volume, which she devoutly kissed before she placed it in her daughter's hands. The child followed her mother's example as she unlatched its metal clasp, and then, stooping over the fire, commenced reading, in low and subdued tones, a favorite chapter from the Gospel of St. John, in which Jesus Christ so beautifully comforts his distressed disciples with hopes of heaven, and promises that every sincere and heart-felt prayer shall be answered by our heavenly Father.

Every now and then Lucy paused, as her mother explained some difficult text, or rose to listen at the casement, if any sound could be heard in the neighborhood, for she well knew that theirs was a dangerous employment.

“How strange it seems to me,” exclaimed Alice Somers, “that any one should be punished for reading that best of books. I will love my Bible better hereafter, when I think of poor little Lucy trying to read hers in that dark and dismal cottage. But why were they in danger?”

“Because, in those days, none but the priests were allowed to own a copy of the Scriptures, and even they, who enjoyed this privilege, could only read portions of its contents to the people.”

A half hour passed by, and still no sound was heard, save the sighing of the autumn winds, when suddenly distant footsteps advanced along the street, and approached nearer every moment. “Who can they be?” thought Alice; “few walk after the curfew bell ceases to ring, in these dreadful times;” but before she could express her surprise, the cottage door was forcibly burst open, and two hard-featured men rushed in. One of them rudely seized Alice by the arm, while the other, with a brutal laugh, tore the Sacred Volume from the hands of the terrified Lucy, who clung to her mother’s garments, and trembled like some timid fawn when pursued by the hunters.

“Make haste! and confine the woman,” cried the elder of the men to his companion, “or we

shall find it hard to fill the London cage with a fresh show, by the time it needs."

The unhappy Alice stood, at first, motionless with distress, but, aroused by the cries of her daughter, who had received a threat from one of the armed ruffians, she threw herself at their feet, as they were about binding her hands with cords, and exclaimed, "For God's sake, tell me, why are you here? and how have I offended?" "This paper will inform you," said the elder officer, for the intruders were indeed servants of the cruel Bonner, who had that morning observed the widow's conduct, and resolved to punish her temerity.

Alice opened the order of arrest, which was presented, and judge of her horror when she discovered that she was accused of heresy. It was a dreadful moment to the unhappy mother. When they bade her follow them, she fell on Lucy's neck, and shrieked aloud, "My daughter! my daughter! and must I leave you? Oh! what will become of my poor child!"

"Away with the little heretic," growled the excited officer, at the same time levelling a blow with his sword, that threw the young girl senseless on the pavement. "Come, Barnes, let us be off;" and so saying, they succeeded in dragging the lifeless Alice across her own threshold, and soon disappeared with their unresisting victim round a neighboring corner.

Several hours elapsed before Lucy recovered from her stupor, and found herself in utter darkness. "Mother! dear mother! where are you?"

she murmured, as, groping along the floor, she at last succeeded in finding the low couch on which they usually reposed. But her mother was not to be found! Then the poor child recollected what had happened, and, throwing herself on the bed, gave way to her passionate despair, crying aloud and repeatedly, "Mother! mother! come back! come back! what shall I do without you!" until at last she became exhausted by the violence of her emotions, and fell into a heavy and unrefreshing sleep, on the straw, which alone formed her pillow. The kind neighbor who had that morning rescued Alice from the flames, was awakened by the noise in her cottage, but he did not dare to venture out to her assistance, because he knew that in so doing he would himself fall a sacrifice. With the first peep of dawn, he however left his dwelling, and hastened to the widow's cottage.

Lucy was still asleep, but there was a restless motion about her lips, and a fresh gush of tears on her pale cheek, that showed that even her slumbers had been visited by frightful dreams. She started up, as the good man approached, and joyfully uttered her mother's name; but on discovering her mistake, she sobbed convulsively, as, throwing herself on her neighbor's shoulder, she earnestly entreated him to bring back her lost parent.

William Dupré tried in every way to comfort her, until at last, lifting her in his arms, he carried her to his own door, where his warm-hearted wife stood ready to welcome the hapless orphan. He was an excellent weaver, and had just finished a

small quantity of very fine cloth, which he intended selling to some of the rich nobles in the Queen's court ; but when his wife heard Lucy's sad story, she determined, with her husband's approbation, to appropriate it to a very different purpose.

"Depend upon it, William," said she, addressing her husband, "our Queen has a woman's heart after all ; and something tells me, that if our pretty Lucy could reach London, and force her way to her Majesty's throne, she would not come back to us broken-hearted. But then she must not go empty-handed ; and I am sure, that with some of yonder beautiful cloth, I could make a pair of hose that would not disgrace the best lady in the land. Only speak the word, and I will set to work immediately."

Dupré readily consented, and, with the aid of their eldest daughter, who was skilful in embroidery, his industrious wife soon completed a pair of stockings, which were really beautiful, both for texture and workmanship.

"But what awkward things they must have been," observed Mary Grey ; "why did they not rather prefer a pair of embroidered silk ? They would be so much more pliant and elastic."

"Because neither cotton nor silk manufactories were then established in England, and the first pair of silk stockings worn in that country graced the feet of Mary's successor, Queen Elizabeth, to whom they were presented by one of her ingenious tire-women."

Their next difficulty was to contrive the best way

for reaching the capital, where her Majesty resided. Neither private nor public coaches were to be seen in those days, but even the Queen was obliged to sit behind her Chamberlain, as he rode on horseback, when she wished to take exercise in the open air.

William Dupré was desirous of purchasing some pewter ware, which was then as much esteemed by the lower classes, as silver is, at the present day. He therefore determined, with the above charitable purpose in view, to visit London, at the distance of more than fifty miles, and bargain, himself, for the needed utensils.

The parting was almost cheerful between Lucy and her kind friend ; for the former rejoiced in the hope of soon embracing her beloved mother, and the latter encouraged her by the assurance, that the Queen would certainly lend an ear to her prayers, and release her fond parent from prison. After a wearisome journey, they reached the great city, and Lucy, if left to her own inclinations, would immediately have sought the way to the palace ; but her more prudent friend insisted that she should rest quietly for one night, at the inn, and be thus strengthened for the next day's trials. But whoever has anticipated some great joy or sorrow, will believe me, when I tell them, that the poor child's eyelids hardly closed for a single hour, that night. She tried over and over again to repeat what it would be best to say to Queen Mary ; but every time that she made the attempt, so overcharged was her heart, that fresh tears stole down *her* cheeks ; and when daylight

dawned, it hardly shone on a more wan and pallid face than hers. Dupré offered her a mug of ale, and a piece of oaten bread, for her breakfast, but the anxious girl could not swallow a single mouthful; and drawing her dark hood over her head, she hurried her good friend so much in his breakfast, that at the moment when the palace door was opened, she stood a suppliant on its threshold. At first the porter refused to grant her admittance; but when he glanced at her pale and beautiful face, and marked the despairing clasp of her small hands, his heart smote him strangely, and bidding her follow in his footsteps, he showed the way into the splendid mansion, while Dupré, with a hearty blessing, bade her take comfort, promising to call for her on his return from another errand.

The Queen's palace was as elegant and costly, as the fashion of the times would admit. The walls were hung with heavy tapestry, and the stone floors were completely covered with fresh and sweet-smelling rushes, in place of carpets, which, although now often found in the humblest dwellings, had not then been dreamed of, even in the English Queen's palace. All that wealth could purchase or power command, was lavished on Mary's person and habitation; but the first glance that stole from Lucy's drooping eyelids, discovered that she was not happy. Her thin cheek looked paler, when contrasted with the crimson couch on which she reclined; and the jewelled coronet was pushed far back from her brow, which wrinkled beneath, *as if it were angry* with its costly ornament.

Several handmaidens sat on low stools around her, and tried to engage her in conversation on different topics ; but she listened to none of them, but sat listlessly, holding in her hands a letter, from her absent husband, King Philip, whom she loved very dearly, but who ever rewarded her affection by cold looks and harsh words, until, at last, he departed for his native country, Spain, and would not return to England, although his Queen sent numerous letters, entreating him once more to bless her with his presence. The above-mentioned epistle was, however, more friendly than usual, for he had need of money, and knew well enough, that a few kind lines of remembrance would rouse his weak wife's spirit, and cause her to lay heavy and fresh taxes on her British subjects, rather than refuse his unreasonable request.

The sound of approaching footsteps aroused the Queen from her pleasant revery, and her face grew red with anger at this untimely interruption. But when the young stranger, springing lightly forward, fell, in graceful humility, at her feet, and raised her tearful blue eyes, with a beseeching glance, to Mary's face, the softened Queen, though seldom prompted to acts of kindness, laid her jewelled hand on Lucy's head, and said, in a soft tone, "Speak out, child ! for here you have no cause for fear." The suppliant kissed her Majesty's hand, as she arose, and opened a neatly-tied and perfumed package, containing her present, the embroidered hose. Mary took the stockings,

and, with her maidens, admired their fine texture and needlework, till, suddenly throwing them aside, she sharply added, "Now, speak out, wench, for I well know that this is only the opening to some favor, that you would ask of me." Her assent was all that Lucy wanted. In a moment she was kneeling again at the Queen's feet, with her eloquent face suffused with a crimson blush, as she told, in faltering accents, of her father's death; of the kindness of the martyr Bishop; and, more than all, of the dreadful manner in which her only parent had been lately torn from her home.

As Mary heard the name of the ill-fated Latimer, she rose in the excitement of hatred and passion, and would have driven Lucy away from her presence; but when the suppliant clung to the hem of her garment, and, beseeching those around to pity her, told of the dark and lonely fate that awaited her, now that she was separated from the only being whom she dearly loved, the Queen glanced at her husband's letter, thrown on the couch, by her side, and perhaps she contrasted the child's sorrow, for a moment, with her own; or what else, save sympathy, could have made her look so kindly on Lucy, as she bade her rise, and dry up her tears.

Alas! the presence of one cruel being, who just then entered, cast a dark and threatening cloud over this scene of breaking sunshine. Lucy had been only a short time seated at her Sovereign's feet, telling, with many tearful interruptions, the favor which she came to supplicate, namely,

the restoration of her mother to liberty, when quick and hurried steps were heard in the passage, the door was thrown open, and the Protestant's most unrelenting enemy, the cruel Bonner, stood before them. He advanced with the assurance of one privileged in every respect by his mistress ; and, approaching the couch, laid on it a list of fresh victims, whom he had hunted out among the persecuted sect, muttering, in a few inarticulate words, some dreadful threats against the horde of base heretics, as he called them. Lucy's heart fluttered with hope, before his entrance, but when she heard her Sovereign call him by name, a despairing pang darted through her mind, and, falling at his feet, she tried to pray for mercy ; but the tyrant's angry eyes fixed themselves upon her, with the strange spell of the poisonous rattle-snake, and paralysed her so completely, that the words died away, ere she could utter them, and all that came from her parted lips, cold and white as marble, was, " Mother ! mother ! Oh ! save my mother !"

" Who is this ?" asked Bonner, turning familiarly to the Queen, who was carelessly looking over the list of victims, about to be sentenced to the stake. " This girl is the daughter of one Alice Bertram of Oxford, whom you have had imprisoned for heresy," replied Mary ; " yet I am almost ready to part company with her, for the sake of this pretty one who pleads her cause so well."

" Ha !" exclaimed Bonner, with a haughty

start, as he approached his Sovereign ; “ has our Queen changed sides ? and does she reject the counsel of her faithful servant, that she would dream of granting grace to one of these heretical wretches ? ”

“ No more ! no more ! ” cried his mistress, striking her clinched hand on the stone table. “ Who dares dispute my authority ? Let him beware, as he values his own life ! ”

A strange expression flitted over her minister’s countenance, as, with apparent humility, he knelt before Mary. It was an expression of triumph ; for he felt sure, that one single chord, which he had often struck before, would jar every charitable feeling in the Queen’s mind. King Philip, her husband, was a rigid Papist, and encouraged every measure, however violent, which his servant could contrive for the destruction of the Protestants. Bonner was fully aware of the despotic power which her absent consort exercised over his wife’s inclinations, and was certain, that the most unholy act would meet with her sanction, if only agreeable to Philip. There was policy, then, in his seeming humility, as, in a subdued tone, he replied, that it grieved him to awaken the anger of his mistress, when he had only desired to obey his absent master, whose strongest earthly wish was, to free his beloved kingdom from the nest of intriguing heretics, which already had planted its sting in the minds of so many of the most devoted servants of the church.

The name of her cold and calculating husband,

roused the fanatical flame, that had slumbered for a moment, in the Queen's breast. Springing wildly from the couch, with her woman's countenance changed to that of a demon's, she almost shrieked aloud her commands, as, stamping furiously on the ground, she bade Bonner, in the King's name, seize on the unoffending girl, and convey her instantly to the noisome prison, where her mother was already confined.

Even as some bright flower bows its head, beneath the blow of the sudden tempest, so the frail and delicate Lucy sank under the harsh words and infuriated gestures, that now met her alarmed senses. She was entirely unconscious of what followed, until she found herself in a gloomy dungeon, but, what a comfort! clasped in the arms of her weeping parent.

I will not tell you of the weary days and nights, passed in that prison-cell; for they were all alike, save that the last was always the saddest and darkest, because it brought the dreadful moment of execution somewhat nearer. For many months, those innocent sufferers were shut out from the light of heaven; with no food, but bread and water, and that of the most indifferent kind. The Queen's ill health prevented her cruel minister from pressing on her the execution of the sentence against heretics, and he only waited some change in her disease, to determine him in his horrid course. One morning, he learned that Mary was better than usual, and accordingly hastened to receive her seal of approbation, for the immediate

burning of the prisoners. The next day, as Alice reposed on the floor of her cell, with her young daughter by her side, the door was thrown open, and a band of the Queen's officers appeared, who, placing in her hands the warrant for immediate death, bade her awaken the girl, and follow them without loss of time. What tongue can describe the anguish of that mother's heart, as she aroused her precious child from a refreshing sleep, never to lie down again, until her fair body should blister and consume in the indescribable torments of a fiery death.

The officers mistook her agonizing distress for irresolution, and one of them remarked, that perhaps even now his merciful mistress would relent, if Alice would but abjure her faith, and sign a scroll to that effect.

"Sooner would I die a thousand times over," answered the noble-minded woman, "sooner suffer by the rack, the flames, ay, even lingering and life-gnawing hunger, than buy existence, by such base hypocrisy. Man I may deceive; but I will not, I cannot deceive my God!"

"Unfeeling mother!" said one of the men, who affected humanity: "and then you can stand by unmoved, and see your innocent daughter condemned to a cruel death? ah! far more horrible than you have ever dreamed of. Unnatural woman that you are!" The taunt was too much for a mother's heart to bear, and, uttering a ringing shriek of despair, the miserable parent pressed the now-awakened girl to her bosom, and murmured

irresolutely, "The choice is mine! my child or my God! The choice is mine!"

"Mother! dear mother! God wills that we should die together," murmured a clear, silvery voice. It was that of the young Lucy.

"My blessed one! my daughter! *thou* hast directed me," exclaimed Alice, rising, with a heavenly smile, from her momentary weakness. "The path of right lies straight before us. Let us walk together therein;" then, turning to the officers, she calmly bade them lead her out.

It was a most touching sight to witness the mother and daughter, as they took their place in the long procession of victims. At first, Lucy seemed to shrink from the dense crowd, that pressed on either side, and would have hid her face in her mother's arms; but when she marked her parent's serene and placid countenance, she felt suddenly elevated above fear, and when, at a secret signal, the loving pair raised a well-known hymn, their low but modulated voices mingled strangely with the hoarse scene of discord around them, as they continued the chant, unbroken, even to the foot of the pile.

Every preparation was already made, and the executioner stood, with a blazing pine fagot in his hand, ready to kindle the whole frightful fabric. The officer had just given the signal, and the blazing match was already placed within the dry pile of wood, when a sudden stir took place among the multitude. In a moment more, the noise of horsemen was heard from a distance, trumpets pealed mer-

rily on the air, the city bells rang out, with loud and startling violence ; troops of cavaliers approached at full speed, bearing white banners in their hands, on which was inscribed, " Long live Queen Elizabeth !" and the whole populace, who dearly loved that princess, took up the words, and shouted aloud, in one thundering peal, " Long live Queen Elizabeth ! Long life to our blessed Queen !"

I need hardly mention, that Mary had died suddenly, after a long illness, and that the persecutions of the Protestants ended with her reign. *

" And, father ! tell us quickly," exclaimed Julia, " did poor Lucy and her mother escape quite unhurt from the burning pile ?"

" O yes ! some of the cavaliers rushed immediately forward, burst the chain which confined them to the stake, and, locked in each other's arms, they were tenderly conveyed to the neighboring college, where proper remedies soon recovered them from their faintings, and restored them to life and future happiness."

" Ah ! Mr. Seymour, are you sure they were always happy after that dreadful day ?" asked Mary Grey.

" Yes ! Alice lived to a good old age, and received many favors from her Protestant Queen, and, among other blessings, she had the pleasure of seeing Lucy united to a pious clergyman, whose eloquence and earnest zeal often won royalty itself to sit beneath his preaching."

" But, now that the tables were turned, I suppose the Papists met with pretty bad treatment from Elizabeth," observed Frank.

“No !” answered Mr. Seymour ; “ she had received a liberal education, and therefore determined to allow all sects their rightful privileges, although, I own, her heart inclined most to favor the Protestants. She was a very vain woman, yet, during her reign, England enjoyed greater prosperity, both in secular and religious matters, than it had ever done before ; and hers may well be called the golden age of Great Britain, if the number of learned men, the success of heroes, and the triumphs of genius, form the gold, if I may so say, of any country.”

“ Yes, indeed !” remarked Mrs. Seymour ; “ Shakspeare, Spenser, Sidney, Jonson, and Raleigh form a bright galaxy of stars, such as will shed a glorious and immortal light over England, through coming ages. But see ! tea is quite ready, and I am sure you are all willing to enjoy the pleasant beverage.”

The light meal was soon despatched, and after receiving each a copy of the following lines, the little party separated, with a promise to meet again, on the next evening.

Within the dungeon cell they laid
The mother and her child,
And gentle sleep hung like a veil
Across their features mild ;
For though a harsh Queen's stern decree
Had all life's comfort riven,
She could not break that chain of *faith*,
Which bound them unto heaven.

But soon, at a loud, startling sound,
The parent sprang from sleep,

And firm, before the armed men,
 She stood, too proud to weep ;
 Until they bade her wake the girl,
 Who look'd so full of bloom,
 And smiled so sweetly, O ! 'twas hard
 To rouse her for the tomb.

With a low, ringing shriek, she kiss'd
 The slumberer's blue-vein'd brow,
 And murmur'd, with her white, cold lips,
 " My daughter ! wake thee now !"
 Till when the sweet child raised her head,
 And shook back her bright hair,
 The hapless mother look'd as if
 A statue of despair.

" The choice is mine !" she cried, at last,
 " My daughter or my God,—
 Would, would that death would come and break
 This agonizing rod !"
 But, as she spoke, a soft voice said,
 " God wills that we should die ;
 Mother ! dear mother ! let us go,—
 No fear of death have I."

" My blessed one !" the parent cried,
 "'Twas but for thy young sake,
 That, for a moment, I delay'd
 The right, clear path to take ;
 But now thy cheering faith shines out,
 And guides me like that star,
 That lit the Saviour's humble couch,
 With radiance from afar.

" Yes ! let us go !"—and as she spoke,
 They left the darksome cell,
 And join'd a host, to whom life, *now*,
 Was but a funeral knell ;
 Till, as the long procession moved,
 The mother and her child
 Raised a soft, soothing, sacred hymn,
 Which all their grief beguiled.

* * * * *

Thanks be to God ! we dwell within
A land, where Christian prayer
Is fearless breathed by every sect,
Who in the Gospel share ;
Where " peace and good-will unto men,"
Is still the growing sound ;
And O ! may it increase, and soon
Echo, the world around.

SECOND EVENING.

THE next evening, they had all assembled at the exact hour, and only waited the coming of Alice Somers, who was detained somewhat later than usual, by the arrival of her father from his beautiful plantation, about fifty miles from Charleston, where her brother and self had passed their late holydays, very happily. The little party almost gave up the hope of her company, although George assured them that his sister would soon follow him, when in bounded the lively girl, with her face flushed with the hurry of exercise. Laying her bonnet on the table, she advanced to the group, and after excusing her detention, added, "See ! I have brought you something which will atone for the time you have lost from Mr. Seymour's pleasant story ;" and so saying, she held high, at arms' length, a bright-colored something, bidding them guess its name.

"Give me that pretty little bird, will you ?" entreated the general pet, Rose ; while the rest of the children, except Julia, gathered around Alice, and tried to catch hold of her hand. "Can none of you guess what it is ?" she asked, looking at each eager face ; "ah ! Mrs. Seymour, by that smile, I am certain you know well enough. Do you not ?"

“Yes! Alice, I have before admired that flower, and often wished that it could be won to my garden, where I have tried in vain to cultivate it. But where did you procure this beautiful specimen of the Orchis tribe? It is one of the most brilliant and grotesque in form that I have ever met with, and Rose might well mistake it for a tiny bird.”

“I am glad you admire it so much,” replied Alice, placing the flower in her friend’s hands. “Father found it in a moist and shady place in the woods, and carefully brought it home with him.”

“Yes!” observed Mrs. Seymour, “flowers of this sort are peculiar in their choice of habitations. They shun a luxuriant and cultivated soil, and are seldom found, except in barren and desolate spots, where they appear in the greatest perfection. Hannah Gould, the American poetess, has some simple lines addressed to the Anemone, which would suit the Orchis exactly.

‘And thou hast never been beguiled
To quit the simple, quiet wild,
Where Nature placed her modest child,
To worship her alone.
Thou dost not ask the brow of toil
To shed its costly dew, to spoil
The bed of free, untortured soil,
Which thou hast made thine own.’

“I have seen some, that resembled spiders; others, flies; and a few have been discovered, that, wonderful to tell, bore the outline of a human figure. The Ladies’ Slipper, Julia, which you prize so much, belongs to the Orchis tribe.”

“How I should like to see this one,” murmured the blind girl, with a low sigh, as Mary Grey kindly held the gay flower to her nostrils: “Is there no way of preserving its freshness?”

“Yes!” replied her mother, “I recollect your father presented me with a beautiful rose last Christmas-day, and you may imagine what a treat it was.”

“It must have come from some hot-house,” exclaimed Alice.

“No! I assure you, it was the production of my own garden. When the roses were in their full spring glory, Mr. Seymour selected a large and perfect bud, which was just ready to bloom; and cut it, with as little handling as possible, from the bush, leaving a stalk, about three inches in length. He immediately applied sealing-wax, just warm enough to be ductile, to the end of the stem, and forming a sheet of paper into a cone-like form, placed the rose therein, carefully twisting each end, so as to exclude the air; then, putting it in a box, he placed that box in a close drawer, which was never opened. On Christmas morning, he took it out, cut off the end of the stalk, put it in lukewarm water, and set it on the table, about two hours before breakfast. Judge of my surprise and delight, on entering the room, to find a large and half-blown rose, breathing all the fragrance of spring, although it was a cold, December day.”

“I am determined to make the experiment with one,” said George Somers, who was fond of gardening, and had listened to Mrs. Seymour’s

account, in pleased attention. "I have seen my mother frequently restore withered flowers, by placing their stems in boiling water, for a few minutes ; but I had no idea that a rose could be preserved fresh, for so many months."

The children then talked for some time of the peculiarities of the different flowers with which they were acquainted, until Mr. Seymour observed, that the hour was passing away which was to be devoted to his story, and added, "With your permission, my young friends, I will put aside our rule for the evening, and choose one particular slip from the basket, which I hope will interest you, as it relates some early incidents in the life of a great man, who loved flowers, even more dearly than any of us, and devoted his whole time to their pursuit."

With their consent, he chose the slip of paper marked '*Sweden*,' and drawing the astral lamp towards him, commenced the following simple story.

THE YOUNG BOTANIST.

A SWEDISH TALE.

FAR away, among the barren hills of Sweden, stands a small village, by the name of Rashult, with several adjacent ones, which will hardly be found in a common atlas.

The inhabitants, from their secluded manner of living, exhibit a picture of perfect simplicity in character and manners ; and the soil is so unproductive, and their summers so short, that they are always busily employed, and visiting and the observance of holydays are little practised among them.

But, once every year, at the time of hay-making, when their scanty harvest is to be laid up for the winter, the villagers meet together, and after a day's hard labor, relate wonderful stories of their exploits in hunting and fishing, or recall some narrative from the scanty stock of books, which they may have had the good fortune to read. It was a bright July morning, when a messenger arrived, at the house of Linnæus, the minister of Rashult, to invite him, with his family, to assist in gathering in the harvest of his friend, William Rudbeck, who lived at the village of Mökler, a few miles distant.

The industrious clergyman was laboring in his garden, which was stocked with beds of hardy cabbages, potatoes, and turnips, while a few rare beans grew in one sheltered corner, and gave, from their withered and sickly appearance, little prospect of an abundant supply of the vegetable. Linnæus was a very poor man, engaged, from morning till evening, in his small fields ; but his education and profession placed him a step above his friends, the villagers, and there was always a contest, who should enjoy his company, when the time for hay-making arrived.

His wife excused herself, on account of her

domestic duties ; for many large cheeses must be prepared before the winter, from the abundant goats' milk ; and she had just purchased a quantity of wool, which must be packed up, for her future spinning.

“ One good turn deserves another,” said her husband, who readily acquiesced in her pressing duties, “ therefore I will not refuse my neighbor's request.”

“ No ! certainly,” replied Margaret ; “ William Rudbeck earned his supper, when he helped us last harvest, and there is no one, who welcomes us more kindly at the church door, every Sabbath, or joins in the hymn more fervently, than he does.”

“ Hasten back to your father,” said Linnæus to the shepherd-boy, who, led by his young son, was admiring a common flower, just opening in a small bed. “ Hasten ! and say that I will be with him, when the two coming hours of night are past ; and carry him one of these fine cabbages, for I know that your bleak garden at Mökler has none to boast of like mine.”

The boy speedily departed with the present, but not before he had urged the little Charles to accompany his father ; whispering that his mother and sisters were preparing a feast, such as was seldom seen in their house. Linnæus at first refused his little boy's entreaties, and steadily continued his light labor, of collecting the seeds of several vegetables, which his wife put away in small bags of reindeer-skin ; but when Margaret

remarked that Charles had watched his infant sister, very carefully, for the last week, and the pastor saw, for himself, the pleading glance of his blue-eyed boy, he promised that he should accompany him, if the weather proved favorable.

“Father! did you mean to say that the nights are only two hours long, in Sweden?” asked his youngest son, Henry.

“Not at all seasons, my boy,” replied Mr. Seymour. “But during the short summer, from May to August, the sun scarcely dips below the horizon; and a long day of twenty-two hours, is succeeded by a brief twilight of two hours, which one can hardly call night.”

At early morn they set off for the neighboring village, and taking a direct course, were obliged to pass through dark and unfrequented forests, till, in a few hours, they arrived safely at their friend's house.

After a simple breakfast, consisting of goats' milk, with a few cakes, made from the bitter and unpalatable inner bark of the birch-tree, which, after being soaked in water, is ground to a fine powder, and made into cakes of the thinness of a wafer, the guests, under the direction of their host, took their different tasks in the fields, and worked as industriously and unweariedly, as if they were to lay the proceeds into their own barns. By early afternoon, all the guests were called to a plain, but abundant repast, which was laid on the grass, before the cottage door. Small cakes of rye, broiled bear's-flesh, dried fish, milk, and

strawberries, which are found every where in Sweden, were distributed among them, and the children received an abundant supply of the more simple part of the entertainment. When the feast was over, the pastor offered up a fervent blessing for the good things which they had enjoyed, and the younger men then went to bear-hunting in the neighboring forest; the women collected in groups, beneath the heavy roof of the cottage, and busied themselves in picking the tender fibres from the leaves of a certain plant, which they afterwards wove into a light summer cloth, and the children roamed about the sloping valley, plucking the few wild flowers, which spring up in a single week of the short Swedish summer; or amused themselves by throwing handfuls of grass to the goats, that reposed on the green roof of the neatly-thatched dwelling. The pastor sat on the ground with a few of his parishioners around him, inquiring of their various successes during the past season; encouraging the despondent; reproofing the idle; and relating anecdotes, suited to their different occupations, from the small but precious library, which it was his good fortune to possess. At last, little Charles came bounding towards his father, with his hands filled with flowers; among them was one, which, he recollected hearing Linnæus say, was a valuable plant. The minister was very fond of finding out the uses and peculiar properties of all the native productions he could collect, and his son's flowers led to an instructive conversation, in which he pointed out to his pa-

rishioners several wild herbs, which were highly beneficial in medicine ; particular mosses and lichens, which made a nourishing and savory drink or jelly ; and finished by offering them seeds of some particular kinds.

The group listened to their pastor in respectful attention ; but none more profoundly than Charles, who, although a child of but five years of age, and fond of childish sports, left his companions at play in the valley, and, leaning on his father's knee, drank in every word, as eagerly as if it had been a fairy tale.

Several of the villagers remarked the boy's interest, but his father looked on it only as an accidental occurrence, little dreaming, that his rosy-cheeked Charles would afterwards prove one of the greatest naturalists whom the world ever saw.

And how many fine minds, like this child's, were formed in secrecy and solitude ; their parents and friends little imagining that, through their means, their own names should be rendered immortal.

At nine o'clock in the evening, when the sun was yet two hours high, the villagers bade farewell to their host, and dispersed to their different homes ; Linnæus and his son taking the direction towards Rashult. Evening closed around them, but not with that dusk so grateful and pleasing to the eye, overpowered by the burning glare of a summer's day. Brookes, the English traveller, describes a summer's evening and night in Sweden, and his account is so graphic, that I *will transcribe* it for you. It reads as follows :—

“ The contrast between a summer evening in Sweden and England is sufficiently striking. In the latter, the busy hum of the country, gradually subsiding, the barking of the village cur, mingled with the noisy gambols of the children on the green, are borne by the gale upon the listening stranger, in the sweet notes of peace and harmony, till the gray vest of night spreads over and closes the scene. In the former, the sun reluctantly quits the horizon at eleven o’ clock ; his rays, even at the hour of midnight, throw a streak of crimson light across the heavens, and impart a fiery tinge to the landscape ; a dead silence reigns, and creation reposes in the absence of night. Even in the small hamlets, thinly scattered through the immense forests, at a very early hour in the evening, no traces of inhabitants appear. The ploughman’s whistle, the lowing of the herds, and the deep tone of the evening curfew, are unheard ; and not a sound strikes upon the ear, except perchance the distant note of the lute, blown by some Swedish peasant-boy, to collect his wandering cows. The whispering breeze, however, creeping through the dark pine forests, sighs in melancholy accents, sweet as the Æolian lyre, and fills the mind with the softest emotions ; while the eye, darting between the tall, straight trunks, rising in quick succession, conjures up, amid the surrounding gloom, the fitting forms of fancy. Thus for a short time evening’s pensive hour glides silently by, undisturbed and unenjoyed by man, who, wrapped in sleep, thinks only of preparing himself for the

toils of the coming day. At one o'clock, the animal creation returns to life ; and the singing of various birds announces the approach of morn. A deep blush now spreads along the heavens, and shortly afterwards, the fiery orb of the sun shoots aloft, and gilds the mingled landscape of mountain, lake, and forest ; while the rolling mists of night slowly retreat at his presence."

It was just such an evening, when the pastor hastened through the forest, which separated him from his home. As he walked along, with the tired Charles by his side, he met a number of peasants assembled in a line, who uttered loud shrieks, and occasionally fired their guns. Linnæus waited to see their success in hunting, (for in this manner they conduct a bear-hunt in Sweden,) and before many minutes, they had frightened three bears from their coverts, and collecting their whole force, they soon surrounded them, and commenced a general fire on the infuriated animals. Two of them were quickly despatched ; but the third, although wounded in the side, rushed furiously towards his aggressors, and took exactly the direction leading to the minister. There was not one moment to be lost, for the wounded bear roared hideously, and the fire flashed from its red eye-balls, as, tearing down the small shrubs in its course, it plunged towards the narrow road that led to the forest. "God help me now!" murmured Linnæus, as, lifting his little Charles in his arms, he darted behind a huge pine-tree, and hardly drew breath, before the savage animal rushed

closely by him, at full speed, in pursuit of its foes.

“A good Providence has delivered me from a fearful death,” exclaimed the grateful pastor; and he poured from his devout soul a fervent thanksgiving to that ever-present God, who watches so unceasingly over his creatures.

Margaret received them joyfully at the cottage door, for they were seldom absent from home at so late an hour; and her maternal kiss was fonder than ever, when she learned that her precious Charles had been so recently exposed to danger.

But the young boy was afterwards liable to equal or far greater risks. For some years, he remained beneath his father's roof, and learned the first rudiments of knowledge, from his affectionate parents; but as a neighbor's son was about leaving home, to be placed at a school in a distant town, Linnæus determined that it was full time, that Charles should receive the advantages of a liberal education.

It was a sad day, when the poor boy quitted his happy dwelling. As he knelt, on the preceding evening, by his mother's side, he could not but recollect how many good things she had taught him, and he determined not to grieve her by foolish entreaties to be allowed to stay; but when the morning came, and he had to bid farewell to his singing-bird, which was caged in a warm corner of the cottage window; when he visited the beehives, and saw their busy inmates, at their useful labors; and, most of all, when he passed by the plot

in his father's garden, filled with flowers of his own planting, Charles's tender heart would not listen to the counsel of reason, but, throwing himself into his mother's arms, he gave way to a violent fit of grief.

It is ever a hard struggle for a parent to give up the child, who has moved so constantly by her side, and send him among utter strangers; but the wife of Linnæus knew that her husband was quite right, and she so far succeeded in pacifying the weeping Charles, that when, at parting, she presented him with her own neatly-bound Bible, he smiled cheerfully, as he promised to read a few verses of its contents, every morning and evening.

The next five years of Charles's life passed slowly away, amid his various studies. It was long before he could feel quite at home, among strangers; and although his companions were amiable and intelligent, and his teacher full of kindness and consideration, when he discovered the sensitive state of his feelings, yet Charles was not happy. The truth was, that when the novelty of place and pursuits was over, he grew impatient at being detained for hours in the school-room, and often sat listlessly, with his books before him, gazing through the open door, on the green fields, and longing for a ramble among the distant hills; for Nature never yet had a more sincere and ardent worshipper, than the weary student who sat so idly among his industrious school-mates. A voice ever seemed whispering these words into his ear :—

“ Enough of science and of art ;
Close up these barren leaves ;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart,
That watches and receives.”

In general literature and the languages he made little progress, but sometimes he surprised his master by his aptness in arithmetic ; and there was one pursuit, which pleased him more than all the rest. In fair weather, a short recess, during school-hours, was allowed the pupils, for the purpose of procuring different flowers and plants, which they afterwards attempted to copy with a pencil, or even colors, on paper. Among a class of thirty boys, Charles Linnæus always obtained the prize for being the best flower-sketcher ; and the otherwise indolent scholar took such delight in this refined occupation, that he would sit for hours together, trying to imitate these beautiful things of Nature's workmanship.

One morning, a school-boy, by the name of Lessing, informed his companions, that in his walk across the mountains, he saw a lichen, (or moss,) of a kind which was exceedingly rare, and which he was desirous of procuring, but, as it hung over a steep projecting rock, he gave it up, as a hazardous attempt. Linnæus made him describe the exact spot where he had seen this precious plant, and although it was now mid-winter, he determined to obtain it for his herbarium, or collection of dried plants, in which he had preserved a numerous variety of specimens. Being imperfect in his recitations, the anxious youth was detained beyond

the usual time ; and when he escaped from his school-mates, who sat warming themselves around the blazing pine-fire, the sun had quite set, and the brilliant Aurora Borealis had appeared in the northern sky.

“ Do, father, tell us something about the Aurora,” said Frank.

“ The northern lights, or Aurora Borealis, is a beautifully luminous meteor, appearing in the form of streams of light, rays, arches, and crowns. In the polar regions it begins to appear in August, and continues till May ; but the lights are the most intensely luminous from November to March. Its first aspect is generally that of irregular gleams, which exhibit an exact resemblance to the reflection of a distant fire ; and rarely remain low in the horizon, but mount up towards the zenith, and there assume an inconceivable variety of form and diversity of motion. Sometimes it forms a splendid arch across the heavens, of pale, lambent flame, running with very great velocity, and resembling the spiral motions of a serpent ; and this form seems the most magnificent of all its diversified appearances. The arches are sometimes single, and sometimes several concentric ones appear ; but they rarely exceed five, and are seldom limited to one. They are often composed of a continuous stream of light, bright at the horizon, and increasing in brilliancy at the zenith ; but when the internal motion is rapid, the beams of which they are composed are observable. This *internal motion* appears as a sudden glow, not

proceeding from any visible concentration of matter, but bursting forth in several parts of the arch, as if an ignition of combustible matter had taken place, and spreading itself rapidly towards each extremity. The colors of the Aurora Borealis are of various tints, blue, violet, green, yellow, orange, lake, and gray. Sometimes an extensive region appears tinged with so lively a red, that the constellations seem as if dyed with blood, and it is often attended with singular noises. It has at different times been seen in most parts of central Europe, and in our own United States."

After this description, Mr. Seymour continued his story.

The brave boy walked rapidly through the dark woods, and soon reached a small stream at the foot of the mountain, which was so completely frozen, that he found no difficulty in crossing it. But when he arrived at the opposite bank, he saw, between him and the steep ascent, a deep ravine, where rough rocks, slippery with snow, formed the only pathway. With careful steps, young Linnæus succeeded in crossing the dangerous passage, and, after a fatiguing journey, reached the summit of the mountain, when, with the aid of his forked pole, he detached the lichen from the hanging cliff. Made bold by his success, he quickly descended, and, repassing the yielding surface of the ravine, speedily took the road that led to the forest.

But now, an unforeseen danger awaited him. As he entered on its extensive track, the wind

rose suddenly and violently, and he observed a singular red appearance in the distance, altogether different from that of the Aurora Borealis. Presently the red stream came running along the moss, which was as dry and inflammable as tinder ; then, meeting with a pine, quick as lightning it ascended, and, assisted by the resinous juices, in a few moments the fire spread rapidly through the whole forest, which, crackling, amid flame and smoke, presented a spectacle truly imposing and terrific.

Charles had never before seen the conflagration of a forest, although such sights are frequent in Sweden. For a moment, he stood horror-struck and bewildered, uncertain whether to advance or retreat, surrounded, on all sides, by falling trees, and unable to discover any pathway through the thick and stifling smoke.

At length, he remembered having heard his father say, that in similar circumstances, he had found it neither proper to turn back, in the direction towards which the fire progressed, nor to advance forward into the heart of the burning district, where death would be inevitable, but best to ascend some lofty tree, which would place him beyond the reach of the flames.

As the recollection passed through his mind, he sprang lightly up a huge tree, whose tough bark would not readily catch fire, and which stood in rather an open spot, in the forest.

Although his limbs trembled, and his pale lips were compressed with anxious fear, Charles could *not but admire* the splendid and novel scene, that

spread around him. Burnt trees were falling in every direction ; the bears and wolves, driven from their wild haunts, fled howling before their irresistible enemy ; and, lit up by the flames, which had passed unharmed from the lofty tree which sheltered him, he could distinguish, through an opening in the woods, the distant mountains, bright before with the splendor of the Aurora Borealis, but now absolutely dazzling, as their snow-crowned tops reflected the fiery flood, that rolled in full waves towards them.

Linnaeus waited until the smoke had somewhat subsided ; then, descending from his place of refuge, he ran wildly across the burnt ground, which blistered his feet, although he wore shoes of the rough skin of the reindeer, with the hair turned inward, to keep the extremities warm. He was so entirely exhausted, that he sank, overcome with fatigue, before he reached the stone bench at his master's door, and would have been frozen to death by the piercing cold, if his teacher, who had been watching the progress of the flame, had not heard some one fall without, and hastened to discover who it might be.

When he found that Charles had been playing truant, he was very justly angry ; and though he loved him, for his bold and generous spirit, yet he knew, from experience, that such an offence, unless severely punished, would excite the rest of his scholars to rebellion ; and early the next morning, he wrote a letter to the pastor, telling him of his son's bad conduct, and hazardous escape, and

disclosing such a want of attention to his different studies, as brought the parent, in no very good humor, to the school.

After a long conversation with the teacher, the afflicted father discovered, that his son was altogether deficient in those studies which would prepare him for the ministry, a profession that he before ardently hoped he would embrace ; and, in a fit of despair, he pronounced the boy adapted for nothing, and hastily resolved to place him with a shoemaker.

You may imagine with what disgust Charles turned from the thought of so sedentary and illiterate an employment ; and how sullen and silent was the journey, ere they reached home.

The tenderness of the meeting between himself and his mother, was somewhat chilled by the appearance of a visiter, Doctor Rothmann, who was the chief physician in the village, and an intimate friend of the pastor's. But what seemed an untimely intrusion to Charles, proved really a most fortunate event.

When the clergyman informed his friend of his disappointment, and also of his determination to place Charles at a trade, the good Doctor observed the youth's intelligent countenance ; and after a long conversation, which led accidentally to natural science, he was so much charmed by his acute remarks, and the fervent eloquence with which he dilated on the congenial subject, that, before the visit had ended, he proposed to *Linnæus* that his son should become an inmate of his

own dwelling, and commence, with him, the study of medicine.

The offer was joyfully accepted ; and with free access to books, and a fine opportunity for studying Botany in Rothmann's valuable garden, the contented Charles lived so pleasantly, that he often afterwards referred to that year, as the happiest one in his long life.

But I will not detain you much longer, with the early biography of this great man. The study of Natural History became, more and more, every year, a passion, which absorbed his whole mind. He visited different countries in after-life, and formed so intimate an acquaintance with their various productions, that, at length, by the publication of his valuable works, he realized a respectable fortune, and purchased a beautiful place, near Upsal, where his garden of indigenious and foreign plants was the admiration of strangers, even of distinction.

“How old was he when he died?” asked Frank.

“The great Naturalist lived to the age of seventy-one ; and ten years after his decease, a society, distinguished by his name, was founded in London ; which is now in possession of his library, herbariums, collections of insects and shells, and numerous manuscripts. But,” continued Mr. Seymour, “as the hour for tea has arrived, I will close my story with a few verses, which your mother added to my manuscript for the entertainment of your young friends ; and perhaps, Frank,

you will oblige them, by writing off a copy of the same for each."

Frank, who was a good penman, readily consented, and Mr. Seymour concluded his narrative with the following lines.

Mid-winter held its dreary reign
 O'er Sweden's frozen zone,
 And white robes wrapp'd the dark-leaved pines,
 Amid the forest lone ;
 While, like pure snow-flakes 'gainst the sky,
 The stainless mountains rose ;
 And in rough crags, and sparry caves,
 The Ice-King took repose.

But fearlessly the brave boy sped
 Across the steep defile,
 Warbling, at times, some native song,
 His footsteps to beguile ;
 Till, almost spent with toil, he reach'd
 The bleak hills' misty heights,
 That glow'd, as they reflected back
 The blazing Northern lights.

What sought he there ? Amid that wild
 And ever-silent place,
 Did the swift reindeer make a couch
 Meet for his hardy race ?
 Or had the bear's or keen wolf's track
 Reveal'd his chosen haunt ?
 And tempted the bold traveller on,
 Whom danger could not daunt ?

O ! no ; 'twas not to wake in death
 The fierce beast's savage yell,
 And drag its bleeding body home,
 Through frozen wood and dell,
 That on he press'd, nor murmur'd through
 The long, bleak, winter hour ;
 Small was the prize, for all his toil,
 He craved naught, save a flower.

A simple flower ! how happy those,
Who thus to Nature wed
Their youthful hearts, and hoard a wealth
Of feelings, never dead ;
Methinks, beyond all other tastes
Found in this world of ours,
That *most of heaven* is mingled with
The love we bear to flowers.

THIRD EVENING.

ON the next evening, while the children were yet at play, a rap was heard at the street door, and a servant entered, with a beautiful bust of Byron, which Mr. Seymour had purchased that morning to fill an empty niche in his study.

The children gathered around to admire it, but they soon returned to their game, saying, that they liked the plaster casts of Washington and Lafayette much better, (these stood at each end of the mantel-piece,) because they knew a great deal about both of those great men.

George, who had a very inquisitive mind, lingered, however, near Mr. Seymour, and as he saw him put the bust aside, he said, modestly, "I know that Byron was a great English poet, but I have never read any thing about his domestic life. Was he a happy man, sir?"

"By no means," replied his friend, "for, even in childhood, his passions were violent and fierce, and his temper capricious: but there is every excuse to be made for a boy, who was cruelly deserted by his father, and left entirely to the guidance of an injudicious mother, who would sometimes allow him every indulgence, however hurtful, and then again, at another time, would

rebuke him severely for trivial faults, which her maternal eye should have overlooked."

"Poor fellow! he must have been glad when school-time came round," said George.

"Even then, he was not happy," replied Mr. Seymour; "for he had none of those regular habits of industry, which can alone insure a contented mind. He would sometimes master lessons, in a few days, which the rest of his class took weeks to accomplish, in the usual routine of study, and then he would relax into indolence, and pay no attention to the admonitions of his teacher. He seemed to love a great Newfoundland dog, better than any other living being; and often, in his excursions on the water, he would fall out of his small boat, as if by accident, and afterwards express great pleasure when this dog would rush in after him, seize him by his garments, and drag him ashore. When the animal died, he buried him with his own hand, and erected a small marble slab over the spot, with an inscription which concludes thus:—

"Ye, who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn;
To mark a friend's remains, these stones arise,
I never knew but *one*, and here he lies."

Thus, on every occasion, he revealed that selfish misanthropy, which made him, in spite of many kindly feelings, one of the most unhappy of the human race. He was, indeed, a being in whom good and evil were strangely mingled; for, although he bid farewell to his native country in disgust,

he could not live for himself alone, but took a warm interest in the fate of the unhappy Greeks, whose cause he nobly espoused against their enemies, the Turks."

"Did he never return to England?" asked George.

"No! he died in the prime of manhood, at Missolonghi, a town in Greece, with not one relative to close his eyes, but attended in his last moments by a faithful servant.

"I can never recall his mournful fate without a sigh of regret; for, with proper early discipline, he would no doubt have been a far different and more useful member of society."

"And would his countrymen allow him to be buried in Greece?" asked George, with an indignant look.

"No! he was afterwards carried to his native England, and peers and peeresses, priests, poets, and politicians came to gaze on the coffin in which the mouldering body of the immortal poet had been hid; and crowds followed his remains to his family vault, near Newstead Abbey.

"But let us now join yonder group," added Mr. Seymour, "who seem impatient for our arrival."

"Thank you! sir," said George. "You have interested me so much in yonder bust, that I will try and learn more of the great, though unhappy poet, whom it resembles."

THE LITTLE GREEKS.

A TURKISH TALE.

“ALLAH* is just!” exclaimed the old Turk, Ibrahim, as, with his naked sword in his hand, he moved leisurely through the principal street of Scio, a lovely town, situated on an island of the same name, which belongs to Greece.

But a sad prospect met his eyes, as he looked on the scene around him. That morning’s sun had risen on a beautiful town, filled with buildings of white marble, and ornamented with gardens, planted with orange, lemon, almond, and fig trees, where the rose and jessamine, with other flowering shrubs, grew together in such abundance, that it might have been called *the garden of the earth*.

Now, all was changed! In an hour when they least expected it, the inhabitants of Scio were startled by the noise of distant cannon, and before the unhappy Greeks could lay hold of their arms, fifty thousand Turks broke loose, like savage beasts, upon them. Their costly houses were burnt to ashes; their gardens were laden with the bodies of the dead and dying; and as Ibrahim, the Turk, stopped by a marble fountain, and bathed his hot brow with the refreshing water, a heavy sigh burst from his heart; for, although the old man hated the Greeks, he was moved to compassion,

* The Turkish appellation for the Deity.

when he saw the misery and suffering around him.

As he stood, plucking some olives from the tree that hung over the fountain, he heard low groans and lamentations, which seemed to proceed from a small arbor, overrun with a luxuriant grape-vine. Ibrahim approached the spot, and on looking in, he saw a Greek girl sitting on the ground, and supporting in her lap a boy, who seemed several years younger than herself, and from whose arm the crimson blood was gushing in a full stream, which the young Greek vainly endeavored to stanch, by twining her long hair around the limb.

As the Turk entered, she uttered a scream of horror, and hid her face on the boy's shoulder; but when the stranger approached, and addressed her kindly, she looked up into his face, and taking courage from his mild countenance, besought him, for God's sake, to do something for her poor dying Cleon, as she called the sufferer.

The kind-hearted Mussulman lifted the senseless child in his arms, and on examining the wound, discovered that it was only a flesh-gash, and that his faintness proceeded entirely from loss of blood. Tearing a strip from the girl's robe, he carefully bound it up, and, with the aid of a draught of cold water, soon restored the wounded boy to his senses.

The grateful Ilione fell on her knees, when she heard her brother call her by name, and entreated the good Turk not to forsake them. "My father *is murdered!*" sobbed she; "my mother! I

know not where they have carried her ; and Cleon and I are left all alone." With these words, she again threw her arms round the weeping boy, and gave way to loud and heart-stirring lamentations.

"Poor creatures!" sighed Mary Grey; "I hope the old man took compassion on them."

"You shall soon know," replied Mr. Seymour.

The Turks are great admirers of beauty ; and as Ibrahim marked her yielding form, slight and graceful as a fawn's ; her long, dark hair, glossy as the wing of a raven, and her soft eyes, loving as a turtle-dove's, he remembered that his wife, Fatima, had begged of him to bring back a beautiful Greek girl, as a nurse and playmate for their infant daughter, Zoe.

"Where can I find one who would suit her better?" he muttered. "But what shall I do with this boy?" was his next thought. "They are as much alike as two pomegranates, and Allah forbid that I should separate such a loving pair. Although he looks as white and frail as this water-lily," continued he, at the same time throwing away a bunch of those delicate flowers, which he had plucked while deliberating his purpose, "yet, methinks, he would do well enough for my pipe-bearer." So saying, Ibrahim lifted the helpless Cleon in his arms ; bade Ilione dry up her tears and follow him, "and be thankful," added he, "that fate has given you so kind a master."

They left the garden, and passing through the now smoking streets, took the way to the shore, where Ibrahim's companions had already preceded

him, and where a large Turkish vessel lay ready to carry the victors to their native country. The deck was crowded with passengers, among whom were a number of Greeks, that had been taken captives, and were to be conveyed as slaves to Constantinople, the chief city of Turkey, where the Sultan resides. Almost all were entire strangers to the unhappy Ilione, who gazed eagerly, but in vain, on the adjacent groups, hoping to catch some glimpse of her beloved mother, who had been torn, that morning, so rudely from her home and helpless children. But at last, with a look of the most hopeless despondency, she turned away, and stretched herself listlessly by the side of the young Cleon, who was slumbering on a mat, which the kind Ibrahim had spread in a corner for his use. Overcome with weariness and distress, Ilione soon fell asleep, nor awoke until the next morning, when the Turk, with a smiling face, presented her breakfast, consisting of dried fruit and rice, and bade her pour out a cup of coffee, which he was himself drinking, in the Turkish style, without either milk or sugar, for the still languid Cleon.

“What a strange taste!” exclaimed Alice Somers; “I left my coffee untouched, this morning, because the milkman had not arrived in time.”

“Poor child!” murmured Julia, in a low tone, “I suspect he cared little about it any way. One peep at his mother’s face would have done him more good, than all the milk and sugar in the world. But go on, papa, with your story.”

The harbor of Scio was now lost in the distance, but the poor orphans could not help thinking of their beloved parents, and their once happy home; with its fruits and flowers. Instead of eating their breakfast, they sat with their hands clasped together, weeping as if their hearts would break.

Ibrahim remained smoking, during the whole day, with a party of Turks; but towards evening, he went to the place where the children were nestled, and talked very kindly to them, telling them that they would soon reach his home, and that, if they were obedient and quiet, his wife and himself would take good care of them. After dividing some dried fruit between them, he bade them sleep soundly until morning, when the vessel would reach Constantinople, where he resided.

The next day Ilione was up with the sun, and as Cleon had quite recovered, they sat on the mat together, and gazed, in childish delight, on the fair scene that spread around. The waters of the Sea of Marmora sparkled as if they were spangled with diamonds; small villages dotted the adjacent shores, in the middle of each of which was planted the gigantic and wide-spreading tree, called the Plane tree, whose branches are so large, that a single tree often shadows a whole village; groves of cypress, that looked as if always in sad twilight, extended along the coast; and, beyond all, rose the ancient and singular city of Constantinople, built on seven hills, and crowded with splendid structures, whose domes, covered with metal, glittered like silver in the sunlight, while numer-

ous slender spires, cased in gilding, shone like golden arrows as they shot high in the air.

The vessel soon reached the walls, and the children clapped their hands when they saw the dazzling dome of St. Sophia, an ancient Christian church, but which has belonged to the Turks for nearly four hundred years, and is now shut against all the followers of Christ. They counted aloud the seven huge and dismal-looking towers, where the people of Constantinople confine their prisoners ; but when they reached the large palace, surrounded with three walls, and called the Seraglio, they gazed in silence on its wide gardens, until Ilione burst into tears, and said, softly, " Ah ! Cleon, who will take care now of *our* dear pretty garden ?"

" They must have felt sad indeed !" exclaimed Mary Grey. " It is bad enough to go among strangers only for a little while ; but how dreadful to be separated, perhaps for ever, from one's parents."

The Turks are as proud of their splendid city, as a peacock is of its tail. They think there is not such another to be found in the world ; but they are so lazy and silent, that although the wharf was crowded with people, waiting the arrival of the vessel, old Ibrahim never rose from his couch, but sat quietly smoking, until the bustle on deck told that they had reached the shore, and were ready to land. He then arose, and bidding the children follow him, left the vessel, and walked leisurely down the narrow street.

Ilione and Cleon pressed closer to each other, *as they were* gazed upon by those who passed by.

Beggars were basking every where in the sunshine ; large stones stood at each corner ; crowds of dogs lay lapping their tongues, in vessels filled with water, at every door, for the Turks are very humane to animals. But the children felt sadder than ever when they came to a wide grave-yard, situated in the middle of the city ; because it brought to recollection their own dear father, whom they left, with none to bury him, in their deserted Scio.

Ibrahim saw that the children looked gloomy and tired, and he good-naturedly stopped, for a moment, at a stall, where large heaps of melons and gourds were piled to the height of ten or twelve feet ; bought several slices of the fruit, juicy with its rich, red pulp, and divided them with the little Greeks, who felt very grateful for his kindness, and began to talk cheerfully of the time when they should find their mother again, and be quite happy.

They soon reached a house, built entirely of wood, for there are no private brick or stone dwellings to be seen in Turkey, as the Mussulmans imagine it a sin to form any temporal dwellings of such strong materials. Its windows had no glass panes to admit the light, but were closed with lattice-work of cane, and the young strangers thought it very dismal when they entered.

“ Dismal indeed,” observed George Somers, “ after their beautiful marble house in Scio, where, I suppose, they spent most of their time in the open air of the garden.”

In the middle of the hall, through which they passed, were two vessels, sunk in the floor, and closed with stoppers. These were filled every morning with fresh water, by a waterman, who goes round the city of Constantinople, with large leathern sacks thrown across his shoulders, from which he supplies each family who desire to employ him.

“How expensive that must be!” interrupted Frank.

“Not in the least,” replied Mr. Seymour. “The cost is very trifling, for these Sackees, as they are called, only charge a half farthing, (or less than a quarter of a cent,) daily, for each house.”

“Do go on with your story, father,” exclaimed Henry; “I am so anxious to know how the dear little Greeks liked their new home.”

The children were now conducted into an inner and larger room, with low sofas, called divans, placed against the walls. The floor was inlaid with squares of different colored marbles. On a couch at the further end, sat Ibrahim's wife, dressed in full trousers of delicate silk, with an embroidered vest, ornamented with tassels and riband. A pair of slippers, worked with beads, were at her feet. She did not notice the new-comers at first, for she was busily engaged in sipping coffee from a small cup, no larger than a nut-shell; but as soon as she observed their approach, she started from her couch, and a smile of pleasure lit up her drowsy features, as, laying her hand on her heart, *she welcomed* her husband back from the war.

“Thanks to Allah !” said she, “and is this the Greek girl I wanted ?” turning, as she spoke, to Ilione, who, together with her brother, had hid behind Ibrahim. “She is beautiful as a moss-rose,” she added, as, seizing the young Greek, in childish delight, she smoothed down her glossy hair, peeped into her drooping eyelids, and stroked her cheek, that blushed from bashfulness, until it looked inlaid with fresh rose-leaves. Then sounding a small bell, she summoned an old slave, bade her take the little stranger to the bath, and bring her back when her toilet was finished.

The slave obeyed, and taking Ilione by the hand, led her to another apartment, where the process of bathing was soon ended. She then scented her long hair with the richest perfumes ; plaited it with strings of beads and narrow ribands ; twined a fresh gauze turban for her head ; colored her nails with the juice of the henna plant, and presented her with delicate trousers and slippers.

“Pray, what became of Cleon all this time ?” asked Mary Grey.

He too was given in charge to a slave, and met with the same kind treatment. When they returned to the apartment, Fatima was delighted with their beauty, and led Ilione to a divan, where slept a child of about three years of age, who was completely enveloped in a large, rich Cashmere shawl.

“Here is your charge,” said the mother, opening the drapery, and showing the face of a most lovely infant. “Your task will be very light, for I shall only want you to play with and amuse my

little Zoe." Ilione gazed in admiration on the beautiful child.

"Did you ever see any thing more lovely?" she softly inquired of Cleon, as they knelt, side by side, and gazed on the sleeper's face. The eyelash rested like a soft, dark pencil-mark on its cheek, moist and flushed with the dew and glow of slumber. The lips looked red and smooth as the heart of a rose's cup; and the breath from its parted lips seemed pure and fresh as the perfume of an almond-blossom. They watched by its side until it awoke, and Ilione laughed with delight when the sweet Zoe stretched its arms to the stranger, and uttered a cry of pleasure as she played with its dimpled, little feet, or rattled the strings of gaudy beads which served for its playthings.

Three weeks had elapsed since they left Scio, and although the young Greeks were sometimes very sad, yet they felt that they had cause to bless that God, who had made their lot so much better than that of many of their countrymen.

During the day, various things served to divert them from their own thoughts; but when night came, Ilione's pillow was often wet with tears, and sometimes she would start from sleep, and stretch out her arms in the darkness, as if to embrace her lost parents. Her labor was easy, for, to use the girl's own fanciful mode of expression, "the little Zoe was sweet as if she had fed on the honey-dew of the rose, and gentle as if she had *heard no sound* save the cooing of the turtle-dove."

She passed almost the whole day in the garden, where Ibrahim had collected a variety of beautiful plants ; for the Turks are passionately fond of flowers, and send messages to one another by means of significant bouquets. When Zoe slept, Ilione sat at Fatima's feet, inventing new plaits for her mistress's hair, or embroidering her slippers with flowers, that looked almost like Nature's own ; for her mother had taken great pains to teach her this exquisite species of needlework.

As for Cleon, he had little to do, except to take care of Ibrahim's pipe, with its cherry-wood tube, and gilded bowl, and amber mouth-piece, and to keep the gay-spangled tobacco-bag constantly supplied. One day, when the slave was absent, he cooled his master's sherbet in his stead, and mingled the snow so exactly with the liquid, that, ever after, Ibrahim would take the delicious beverage from no hand save his.

“ What is esteemed the most delicate perfume for sherbet ? ” inquired Mrs. Seymour.

“ That which is best liked, and which is drunk by the Grand Signior himself, is made of violets and sugar, ” replied her husband.

“ Why do not the Turks use ice, as we do, for our creams and sherbets ? ” asked Alice.

“ Because large quantities of snow are sent every season to the principal cities by the farmers, who pay rent for every acre of mountain-land, to the Sultan, and derive a large profit from the sale of this refreshing article.

“ But to proceed with my story. ”

One morning, there was an unusual bustle in Ibrahim's quiet abode. A pic-nic was to take place, and Fatima exerted herself wonderfully in preparing for the intended expedition. Ilione and Cleon were both allowed to accompany her, and when the Muezzin cried from the minaret* the second hour of prayer, (for, five times a day, the Mohammedans fall on their knees in devotion,) they set off, in a long, heavy carriage, drawn by oxen, decorated with ribands and beads, and which moved at the slow rate of two miles an hour. They soon reached a beautiful spot, at a little distance from Constantinople. On their way, they passed through an extensive burying-ground, where flat marble slabs stood at the heads of the humblest graves, for the Island of Marmora produces marble in such abundance, that the humblest peasant can buy a tomb-stone. None bore inscriptions; the name of the deceased was engraved in gilt letters on some; but in every one was scooped a small hole, where the rain-drops might collect, and thus win the birds to sing over the dead. A cage of gilded lattice-work, filled with singing-birds, was fastened to one monument more richly sculptured than all the rest, and scattered over with fresh flowers. Several persons were burning incense around a spot where a burial was about to take place, for the purpose of driving away evil spirits, as they believed.

When they reached the pic-nic ground, the

* The spire of a Mosque, from the balcony of which a watchman, called a Muezzin, summons the people to prayer.

party separated, for the Turks never allow their men and women to enjoy any recreation together.

Fatima, followed by Ilione and Zoe, retired to that part of the valley where the women and children had assembled, and was soon engaged in examining her companions' dresses, and eating a simple preparation of milk, served in shallow vessels, while Ilione amused herself by dressing the little Zoe with the numerous flowers which grew around.

As she played with the sweet child, she unconsciously warbled a simple Greek ballad, which had been taught her by her father. Before she finished, a low shriek fell on her ear, and, hastily turning, she observed, in an adjacent group, a female figure, whose face was so completely concealed by the Turkish costume of two handkerchiefs, one extending to the eyebrows, and the other reaching up to the nose, that she could only see her eyes.

Ilione's heart beat ready to bursting, as she caught the loving glance of those uncovered eyes, and she would have rushed forward and embraced her mother, for it was indeed her lost parent, if the slave, recovering from a sudden faintness, had not made a significant and energetic movement, which prevented her. Before another minute had elapsed, the veiled female pointed to a water-carrier, who proved to be the same who supplied Ibrahim's house, each morning; and who just then passed with a huge pitcher, containing the

cheap beverage, which was kept cool, by a large lump of snow at the vessel's spout.

Ilione had often seen this man, and once, when he seemed uncommonly fatigued, had insisted on his partaking of her simple breakfast of rice, boiled to a jelly, and moistened with rose-water. She instantly conjectured that her mother wished to ask whether she knew him, and hastened to give her assent, by an expressive gesture.

With a glance of delighted pleasure, the slave now turned to the many flowers which grew around, knowing that Ilione understood the significant language of numerous plants, which they were accustomed to use in their flower-talks, when they amused themselves at evening, in their pretty garden in Scio. She soon collected several, suitable for conveying the message she intended. First, she held up a *white rose*, and a piece of the fern called "*maiden's hair*," which delights to grow in shaded and cool spots. These signify *silence* and *secrecy*. Then she added a wild *scarlet poppy*, which so beautifully expresses *consolation*; and lastly, while pointing to the waterman, she held towards her daughter an *iris*, that brilliant and variegated flower, of which more than thirty species have been discovered, and which means *a message*.

To Ilione's quick mind the bouquet read thus: "Present silence and secrecy are necessary, but consolation will be sent you, in a message, by the waterman." Ilione soon discovered a branch of *rosemary*, which signifies, "*your presence revives*

me;" and twined it with a *snowdrop*, expressive of *hope*, and a sprig of the *bitter dock*, which stands for *patience*. Her answer therefore read thus: "Your presence revives me; therefore I will patiently hope." Her mother then looked around, and found a small vine of the *syringa*, which conveys the idea of *fraternal love*. The young Greek soon guessed that her parent wanted to know what had become of Cleon; and her eyes sparkled with happiness, as she searched about for the plant called *lucerne*, but finding none, she pointed to a flower of the same, which was embroidered on her vest. It signifies *life*. Then pulling a *long straw* from the mat on which little Zoe sat, she held it up unbroken, to express *union*. The information conveyed by both was, "Cleon is alive, and we are not separated."

They would have continued this conversation further, if Fatima had not arisen to depart; and although Ilione longed to embrace her beloved parent, yet, as she seemed so desirous of secrecy, she restrained her emotion, only throwing after her a handful of *wormwood* and *dead leaves*, telling of *absence* and *melancholy*, thus fancifully revealing, that renewed absence from her dear mother filled her heart with melancholy. Then, trusting that the waterman would bring her some news, the next morning, she left the pleasure-ground, reluctantly, with her mistress.

Finding no opportunity for telling Cleon of her joyful discovery, she passed a sleepless night, vainly conjecturing some plan, that might unite her

mother and self together once more ; and when daylight dawned, she thought the poor waterman would never appear.

At length he arrived, and brought with him a bunch of flowers, which he secretly presented to Ilione, telling her that a slave, whose master lived in the same street, had requested him to present them to a young girl, of her own name, and the description of whose appearance accorded perfectly with hers.

The trembling Greek quickly read their meaning, for the flowers were attached to each other in succession, by a long string, which held each in its proper place. It formed a large posy, the meaning of which ran thus : “ Beloved daughter ! sad recollections agitate me cruelly this morning, but I hope soon to devise some plan for our meeting, since my whole desire is, once more to embrace my children.”

Ilione’s answer was speedily ready, and the good waterman willingly consented to convey it to her mother ; for he loved the girl’s gentle manners, and pitied the poor slave, who appeared very unhappy, having unfortunately fallen into the hands of a cruel and tyrannical master. The bouquet was composed of a *pink*, a piece of *fennel*, a *jonquille*, and a *lily of the valley* ; and the whole was bound together by the slight tendrils of a running vine. This was its signification : “ My love is so strong, that I will surmount all difficulties, for a return of happiness.” The tendrils which united

them, beautifully expressed the ties of affection which bound her to her mother.

With a smile of intelligence, the waterman took the flowers from her hands, and placing them carefully within his empty sack, bade her good-morning, and left the house ; while Ilione stood at the lattice, gazing after him with tearful eyes, as she recollected that a whole day must elapse, before he could convey another message from her beloved parent. But before the next morning arrived, a dreadful accident ensued. As Ibrahim reposed on his divan in the summer twilight, he carelessly threw the ashes from his pipe, on the marble floor, nor observed that several sparks fell on an adjacent couch. About midnight, Ilione was startled by a noise, resembling the rolling of angry waves ; and on springing up, and opening the lattice of her apartment, you may judge of her horror, on discovering that the adjacent room was one sheet of flames, which rolled and tossed like angry billows. With a wild shriek, she hastily closed the lattice, and rushing to the sleeping Cleon, shook him so rudely, that the child leaped up in alarm, and was perfectly awakened in a minute.

Seizing him by the arm, she flew to her master's chamber, and beat violently at the door, calling him by name, in tones as loud as her agitated voice would permit. Alas ! no sound came from the quiet apartment ; and the raging element swept on so rapidly, that Ilione felt all was lost, unless she could arouse the sleepers. Collecting all her remaining strength, she moved some steps

backward, then, with almost superhuman force, rushed against the fast-closed door, and happily succeeded in bursting the slender lattice-work of cane.

Fatima, startled by the noise, sprang from her couch, and screamed so loudly, on seeing the fire bursting through the open casement, that she aroused her drowsy husband, who looked completely stupefied when he saw the destroyer advancing on every side, and wrapping the rich divans in its devouring mantle.

Ilione dragged him, like a child, through the door that led to the garden, while Cleon followed with the weeping Fatima. They had hardly reached a spot of safety, where the frightened slaves had already fled, before Fatima exclaimed, "My child! my Zoe! O! save her! save her!" and fell fainting on the ground.

Ibrahim uttered an accent of despair, and rose as if to fly to the burning mansion; but at the next moment, his limbs seemed seized with a sudden palsy, and throwing himself on the garden-seat, he beat his breast, muttering, "Allah is powerful! his will be done!"

Regardless of the danger, Ilione rushed through the open door, round which the flames were fearfully gathering, and darting through the hot and blinding smoke, soon reached the divan on which lay the screaming Zoe. The couch was already on fire; but, snatching a small carpet from the floor, she wrapped it, quick as thought, round the terrified child, and hastening through the stifling room,

reached the garden in safety ; when, with a loud cry of triumph, she threw her precious charge into the arms of its grateful father, and fell, faint with fatigue and excitement, into Cleon's arms.

The house was altogether burnt to the ground ; but, with early day-dawn, the rich Turk, with his whole family, set off for a dwelling at some distance, which belonged to him ; and by the second hour for prayer, he was seated as quietly smoking his pipe, as if nothing important had happened.

But although Ibrahim appeared so calm and unmoved, he was not forgetful of the young Greek, nor did he intend that her noble act should pass unrewarded. As he sipped his coffee, he smilingly bade Cleon call his sister, adding, that he had something of importance to unfold to her. Any communication between them was so rare, that Ilione stared when her brother first delivered the message ; but, encouraged by the happy Fatima, whose gratitude knew no bounds, she left Zoe playing on the marble floor, and hastened to obey her master's summons.

Ibrahim rose from his divan as she approached, and bidding her sit at his feet, he kindly inquired how she felt herself, after the last night's exertion. " Thanks to Allah !" said he, " you have preserved my child from a dreadful death, and your noble act shall not pass unrecompensed. Which do you prefer, your freedom, or a large reward in money ?"

The tender-hearted Ilione burst into tears ; but when her words found utterance, she assured the

good Turk, that she was only too happy in having been the means of rescuing her dear little Zoe ; that she had no need of money ; and that, surrounded, as she was, with every comfort, she hardly felt herself a slave. " But O ! " she exclaimed, falling on her knees, and dragging Cleon to her side, " if you indeed desire to render me quite happy, I entreat you to grant one wish, if it be not too much to ask."

" Speak out ! Ilione," cried the Turk, roused from his usual apathy. " Any petition shall be granted, for the sake of my young Zoe. Tell me, what do you desire ?"

The poor girl could hardly articulate, as she told of her separation from her beloved mother, of their recent meeting, and of the conviction she felt, that her parent was in the hands of a hard master. " If you would but purchase her for your slave," sobbed she, " I will bless you while I live, and we will all strive to be so faithful and industrious towards you."

" Say no more," said Ibrahim : " it was only yesterday, that Mustapha told me of the lazy Greek slave he had lately purchased, and whom he would gladly dispose of. She must be your mother ; for I remember being struck with the resemblance between you at the time. Now, hear me ! this very evening she shall call Ibrahim, master."

The grateful children uttered a cry of pleasure when they heard the Turk's generous determination, and prayed " God to bless him for his good-

ness towards them." Before their thanks were ended, he rose to go ; and as Ilione gazed with tearful eyes through the lattice, her heart beat to bursting, when she saw him enter a neighboring house, where she was almost certain her mother resided. And faithfully was his promise performed ; for before evening, the beautiful pair were folded in the embrace of their delighted parent, and, ere bed-time, they learned every circumstance which had befallen her since their sad parting.

The children wept, bitterly, as their mother recalled the day, when their father fell a victim to the savage Turks, whilst striving to defend his precious home. They sympathized in her grief, when she dwelt on the dark and melancholy hours passed beneath the cruel Mustapha's roof ; but when she exclaimed, with upraised eyes, " Let us thank that merciful God, who has united us once more together," the loving children knelt at her side, and offered a sincere and heart-felt prayer, to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

Several weeks passed by very peacefully, during which Fatima became greatly attached to her new slave, who spared no pains to gratify and oblige her in every way.

But an unlooked-for happiness was yet in store for the Greek family.

One morning, as Cleon followed Ibrahim to the slave-market, which he frequently visited, he saw, among a distant group, a face, which, though but partly visible, strongly resembled his lost father. Forgetful of his master's presence, the child w-

tered a wild shriek of delighted astonishment, and flew, like lightning, towards the place where the figure stood. As Cleon advanced, the stranger changed his position, and immediately recognised the eager boy, who threw himself into his arms, exclaiming, "Father! dear father! are you indeed alive?"

The Greek was almost overcome by this sudden encounter, and, for one moment, staggered with excess of joy. But in the next, he clasped the sobbing child to his breast, and kissed him fondly, as he whispered, "Speak to me, my precious boy! tell me, where are your mother and sister?"

The happy Cleon soon related all that had passed since they left his father, apparently dead, in their deserted Scio; and when Ibrahim heard the story, he kindly invited the stranger to return home with them, an invitation which was, of course, most joyfully accepted.

Words cannot describe the scene that ensued, when this affectionate family met together. Their first transports over, the Greek informed them, how he had slowly recovered from a severe wound, which almost reduced him to the brink of the grave; how, when he was able to crawl about, he had anxiously searched, from house to house, for his lost wife and children, till, having heard that they were carried as slaves to Constantinople, he immediately followed in their track, and, for some weeks previous, had daily frequented the slave-market, hopelessly seeking some information of *his family*.

The old Turk willingly accepted the large sum which the Greek then offered as a ransom, for these objects of his tender affection; and although Fatima had become warmly attached to them, she would not object to their disposal, when she looked on her little Zoe, and remembered through whose means she was still spared to her.

The happy family departed, with the good wishes of the whole household, and in a few days landed safely in their much-loved Scio.

The meeting between themselves and friends was sad enough, but they felt that it was better to dwell in their own unfortunate country, than in any other spot in the world.

Every succeeding year, presents were interchanged between the two families; and Ilione and Cleon still live, to tell the story of their past lives.

As Mr. Seymour concluded his story, the children generally expressed the pleasure which its happy termination had afforded them, and made their simple comments on the manners and customs of the Turks which the above narrative had unfolded. One said, that he would like to take a peep at the Seraglio, where so many beautiful women and children were kept secluded; and another longed to see a real Turk, seated on his gay divan, dressed with his huge turban, and smoking his long, gilded pipe, which she supposed he would not part with for the world.

They were much surprised, when their friend informed them, that within a few years, great chan-

ges have taken place in Turkey, and that the present Sultan, who is at the head of the nation and of the religion, with all his inferior officers of government, no longer wears the turban, but that his army now appear in European uniform, and his greatest desire seems to be, the introduction of European manners and customs into his dominions.

“ I am sorry to hear, that the Turks are giving up their national costume,” observed George. “ There seems something noble and independent in the idea of a particular dress for each particular nation. Whenever I think of the hardy Highlander’s plaid, the Russian’s huge boots and trousers, the Polander’s mantle, and the Spaniard’s doublet, I wish that we Americans, too, could boast of our own peculiar costume, without copying old England, as we do. Do you not agree with me, that the Indian dress would be as striking as” —

“ Hush ! hush ! George,” exclaimed Mrs. Seymour. “ I can’t bear to fancy our graceful Charleston boys with dirty, clumsy blankets wrapped round their shoulders. Depend upon it, your close, tidy jacket is far more becoming than such a garment would be.”

The children laughed heartily, at the idea of George dressed in a blanket, and they joked with the amiable boy, until Mrs. Seymour produced the following lines, which, she informed them, had been written, some months previously, for an *American periodical* ; but which she now present-

ed them, with the hope that its classical allusions might afford pleasure to George and Frank, who were both perusing biographies of the great men of ancient times ; and she added, " As the incident which these stanzas describe, was founded on fact, and as you all probably feel a peculiar interest in the history of the unhappy Greeks of Scio, I am certain, that its contents will gratify even the youngest among you."

With these words, she read aloud the subjoined poem, entitled;

' THE BOY OF SCIO.'

Gloom hung o'er vine-clad Scio. Her bright isle
No longer wore, to meet the sunbeam's smile,
Its mantle of rich beauty ; and the stream,
That roved where groves of elm-trees lent their gleam,
Now caught no soft reflection from fair domes
Of pure and tinted marble, once the homes
Of dark-eyed maidens, but destruction drear
Told that the Turkish spoiler linger'd near.

And 'mid the blacken'd walls, and temples dead,
'There sat a Grecian boy, with his young head
Bow'd low in mute despair, and his blue eye
Gazing upon the landscape, far and nigh ;
While in his slender hand, he closely press'd
A hawthorn flower, as if his little breast
Did count it a companion, left by fate,
Like his own hapless self, quite desolate.

'Twas sad to see that boy ! and as I met
His wild and hurried glance, where want had set
Her mournful seal, and mark'd the frequent gush
Of sudden tears that o'er his cheek would rush,
My spirit yearn'd to comfort, and, with meek
And earnest tenderness, I sought to speak

To his bewilder'd mind, and bade him tell
His secret sorrow, ere I breathed farewell.

But he was mute ! In vain I proffer'd food,
And gold and garments ;—with a gesture rude,
He pointed to the herbage, scatter'd wide
Along the stream, that murmur'd by his side,
Then listless turn'd away, nor ear would lend
To words that ask'd of mother, sister, friend ;
But knit his youthful brow, and seem'd once more
To view the sea-girt landscape, o'er and o'er.

I would not urge him further ; wrapp'd in thought
I stood, while memory from past ages brought
Each scene of gone-by triumph ; the brave host,
Which made Thermopylæ their country's boast ;
With Marathon's white tombs, that proudly rose,
To mark the few, that triumph'd o'er their foes ;
Platæa and Mycale, whose dread wrath
Stay'd the fierce Persian, in his classic path.

All, all, from dim oblivion's realm were won ;—
The godlike Plato, and that elder son,
Who sought their good, yet took the poison'd cup
His country fill'd, and boldly drank it up ;
The noble Pericles, and Solon wise ;
Demosthenes, who aim'd to break the ties
That Phocion urged ; and Aristides, he
Whose name, "The Just," must sacred ever be.

All came and went : the hero and the sage ;—
Each sect and founder pass'd from memory's page :
All went ;—and when I turn'd, with kindled thought,
To seek the lasting birthright they had bought,
And saw but wasted fields, and fallen fane,
And forms, that seem'd to say, "A tyrant reigns,"
I loathed the stagnant calm of conquer'd peace,
And from my lips burst forth, "Alas ! poor Greece."

It was enough !—with eye that flash'd with light,
And quivering lip, and cheek with crimson bright,

The boy rush'd to my side, and wildly cast
His wasted arms around me, till, at last,
His slight form quite dilated with the excess
Of wrongs, that woke his spirit's bitterness,
These thrilling words his burden'd bosom freed—
“ Give me but balls and steel, 'tis all I need!”

FOURTH EVENING.

THE next evening, George and Alice came in quite out of breath, fearing, as they said, that they had kept their friends waiting. Mr. Seymour drew out his watch, and on looking at the hour, assured them, that they were exact to the minute. He inquired what had given them pleasure ; for their young faces were dimpled with smiles.

“Tell me, sir, how did you know that any thing had pleased us ?” asked Alice Somers, laughingly.

“I saw it in your countenance, as soon as you entered,” replied her friend, “and you know that is a sure index to what is passing within. Even Rosy noticed your gay faces, I suspect, for children read the expression very soon ; and the human face may well be called the mirror to the soul.”

“Ah ! father, depend upon it, blind people too can tell,” said Julia, “for even I, who have lost my sight but for a few long weeks, knew, as soon as George and Alice entered, that something had made them happy.”

“I will tell you where I have been,” said Alice, laying her hand lovingly in her friend’s, “and then you can judge whether I had reason to be pleased. Father invited George and myself to accompany *him to see ‘the Panorama of the Lake of Geneva,’*

and you cannot think how beautiful it is. O! I thought I should never grow weary of looking at the snowy glaciers,* the green vineyards, sprinkled with white cottages, the deep, clear, crystal water, covered with boats, the sunny skies, and the gayly-dressed people. A gentleman, who sat at my side, repeated some fine poetry, about the Lake of Geneva, to a lady who was with him; but I can only remember one line, about 'the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhine,' and it suited exactly, for the water was as blue as Rosy's eyes. I wanted him to tell her something about the town of Geneva, for papa was conversing with a stranger, and we could not interrupt him; but the gentleman seemed so fond of poetry, that he did not repeat much that I could understand to the pretty lady."

"Would you believe it?" interrupted George, "I carried my dog, Neptune, along with me, and I was obliged to hold him fast, all the time I was there, because he wanted to leap into the painted lake, which looked just as much like real water, as our pretty Ashley, on a bright summer's afternoon. But will you tell us something; sir, about Geneva?"

"With pleasure," replied Mr. Seymour. "It was the first among the Swiss towns that embraced the Protestant religion, which it has ever since fearlessly supported. Its situation is truly beautiful; and it is so famed for its advance in literature and science, that more than six hundred stu-

* Vast mountains of ice and snow.

dents annually fill its excellent college, which has a library containing fifty thousand printed volumes."

"Have many great men resided there?" asked George; "and are the people generally intelligent?"

"Yes!" replied Mr. Seymour, "even the lowest classes enjoy the benefit of a substantial education; and the inhabitants unite so much honest independence with their refinement of manners, that Voltaire, a distinguished French philosopher, speaks of them as a people 'who join the politeness of Athens to the simplicity of Lacedæmon.'"

"Yes! I recollect the Athenians were remarkable for their easy and graceful manners, and the Lacedæmonians for their strict simplicity of living," exclaimed Frank.

"With regard to the great men of Geneva," continued Mr. Seymour, "such names as Calvin, Rousseau, and Saussure, have thrown a lustre around that city. The brave Saussure was the traveller who ascended Mount Blanc, and stood on the highest pinnacle of Europe."

"How high is the ascent?" inquired George.

"The distance, in a straight line, from the nearest village, called Chamouni, where travellers stop, to the top of the mountain, is not more than eight or nine miles, but the real extent of the walk is between forty and fifty miles, in consequence of the frightful glaciers, the deep precipices, and the prodigious apertures, which must be carefully guarded against. The whole journey cannot be *accomplished* in less than eighteen hours.

“Saussure found it a most dangerous and painful attempt ; but before he reached the highest summit, he felt fully rewarded for all his exertions. The skies looked as black as ebony, the reflections of the stars in the icy basin below were glorious, and the moon shone with an indescribable brightness, which completely dazzled the eyes of the beholder.”

“ Surely, father, he did not go up at night !” exclaimed Henry.

“ No ! the journey employed several days, and on the last night of his ascent, he slept at a place where not a living creature was to be seen, nor a sprig of vegetation, but all was one wide region of cold and ice. He had hardly lain down to repose in the tent which he erected on the spot, before he was awakened by the startling thunder of an avalanche,* which went rolling down, not far from the spot where he was stationed. When he stood on the top of Mount Blanc, the air was so much rarefied, that Saussure’s powers of respiration were almost suspended, and he gasped for breath, like one afflicted with the asthma.”

“ No doubt he was glad enough to find himself safe at the bottom again,” observed Mary.

“ Yes ! when he returned, on the following day, he received the tumultuous greetings of a crowd of anxious friends and acquaintances, and was rejoiced once more to embrace his happy family,

* A large mass of snow, which, breaking off from the mountain, rushes down with great violence, destroying whatever is in the way of its progress.

who had been watching his steps with a telescope for several hours, and had suffered many unhappy moments before his return."

"Ah! the journey was worth trying," said George, "for it gave him something to look back to with pleasure, all the rest of his life."

"And with pain, too," replied Mr. Seymour, "for the extreme fatigue and exhaustion, which he then experienced, injured his health, and in all probability abridged his life."

"Did any female ever reach the top of Mount Blanc?" asked Julia.

"A young Swiss girl attempted the ascent," replied Mr. Seymour, "but after reaching a great height, she became much exhausted, her strength failed her entirely, and she would not have succeeded, if the guides, who admired her patient perseverance, had not lifted her on their shoulders, and kindly carried her to the top of the mountain. But come, George, it is your turn to choose a slip from the basket, and our hour is passing away without any story."

George selected the slip marked '*Switzerland*,' and Mr. Seymour commenced the following tale.

THE PATRIOT'S TRIAL.

A SWISS TALE.

THE morning sun shone brightly on the little hamlet of Burglen, where a scene of unusual bustle told that its humble inhabitants were preparing for their regular market-day, at the beautiful village of Altorf, a few leagues distant.

All was seeming happiness before one cottagedoor, somewhat remote from the rest, and whose picturesque situation might have furnished a fit subject for the painter. Its heavy roof hung over a sloping valley, covered with the greenest turf, which was kept continually fresh by a tiny cascade, that, breaking from a neighboring mountain, leaped merrily down its side, and made a perfect chorus of music ere it reached the base. Patches of snow still lingered beneath the dense foliage of the walnut-trees, which formed an amphitheatre around the hamlet ; but these remnants of winter only served to afford pastime to two rosy-cheeked girls, who, clad in the gay Swiss costume, a bright crimson bodice, white sleeves, and party-colored petticoats, bounded like young chamois from one slippery ledge to another, and laughed gayly, when the fragile balls powdered their clothes, as if with diamonds. A boy of about eight years of age was milking the cows in a small meadow, green as an emerald with clo-

ver; while, from the interior of the cottage, his younger brother bore jars of honey, fragrant with the perfume of a thousand Alpine flowers; huge cheeses, formed from a mixture of ewe's and cow's milk, possessing a peculiar yet not unpleasant flavor, and flasks of walnut-oil; all which were transferred by his father to large baskets, hanging on either side of a patient mule, that cropped the wild thyme within reach, but, with a most self-denying docility, remained perfectly motionless, although large patches of the fragrant herb grew but a few paces further. The wife of William Tell, for the industrious peasant was, in fact, the future deliverer of Switzerland, sat on a rude stone bench at the casement, singing, in shrill tones, the national song of the Ranz des Vaches, to the tottering child who climbed her knee; while at the same time she contrived to ply, with busy fingers, the plaited straw which she was forming into a broad-brimmed hat, such as is universally worn by the Swiss peasants.

At length all the baskets were laden, and, tossing the infant high in air, he returned it with a kiss and farewell to his wife, and was soon lost in a dark recess of the woods, through which the well-trained mule was accustomed to travel so regularly, that he scarcely waited his master's bidding.

Tell rapidly pursued his way through the dense pine forest, along a path bordered with the glowing festoons of wild-flowers, nor stopped for breath, until a sudden gap in the woods revealed *the small lake* of Lucerne, still and shadowy in

the morning twilight, and forming a transparent mirror to the mountain barrier, that seemed to prison it, as it were, from the world without.

The Swiss are devotedly attached to their country, with its bold and stupendous scenery; and, as the peasant breathed the cool air of the lake, some sudden emotion of patriotism was stirred within him, and he half said, half muttered, "'Tis too fair a land for the abode of a tyrant!" Then, with a deep sigh, he urged on his mule, and in a few moments stood within the market-place of Altorf.

"What tyrant did he mean, papa?" asked Frank: "was there a cruel king reigning over them?"

"No, not exactly a king. But before Switzerland obtained that liberty, by force of arms, which it has ever since so nobly sustained, the command of Altorf with the surrounding hamlets was intrusted to a Governor, by the name of Gesler, who, abusing his power, gave way to the greatest tyranny. He was influenced alone by self-interest or caprice; judgements were granted the highest bidder; the innocent were wronged; the ministers of the tyrant were allowed every excess, and secret murmurings might be heard in many an abode of the simple, yet brave-hearted peasants."

Since Tell last visited Altorf, an event had occurred, which served to show the mean spirit of the Governor. At his command, a tall pole, surmounted by a hat, was placed in the middle

of the market-place, and whoever neglected bowing to this, as he passed, was sentenced to death, as having offered personal insult to Gesler.

“What a silly notion,” cried George; “I hope the brave peasant paid no respect to such a foolish order.”

The industrious Tell arrived before any of his neighbors, and carelessly passing the pole, which he stopped to examine through curiosity, he soon reached his usual stand; and before many sellers appeared, his stock was arranged to the best advantage, and he stood, waiting patiently for customers, while he picked wool, from a small quantity stowed away in a basket, to prevent the necessity of idleness.

But the good peasant's unintentional breach of laws did not pass unobserved. A servant, in the Governor's interests, gave notice of the offence, and while Tell was settling the price of a flask of cold-drawn walnut-oil with a buyer, his arms were pinioned from behind, a guard of soldiers surrounded him, and he was rudely dragged through the principal street, to a heavy stone building, which was the Governor's residence. The culprit entered fearlessly, and slightly raising his hat, stood, as if too proud to ask the reason of his arrest.

“Rebel!” cried Gesler, regarding him fiercely, “and is it thus that you obey the laws? Do you dare to slight my power? Ah! now you are mine, and bitterly shall you repent of your audacity.” Astonished at these threats, but in no

way alarmed, since conscious of no crime, William Tell frankly inquired of what he was accused. A smile flitted over his face when he learned the cause, but with dignity he assured the tyrant, that he now for the first time heard of the edict; adding, with rustic simplicity, "Who ever dreamed that it was necessary to bid good-morning to a hat, or suspected that such neglect would be counted an offence against royalty?"

The fury of the savage Gesler was increased by the seeming fearlessness of the prisoner; and turning with flashing eyes to the guard, he bade them seize the peasant, load him with chains, and confine him in the dungeon's darkest cell. Then turning to a stone table, on which stood a goblet, filled with the far-famed kirch-wasser, a drink much esteemed by all ranks in Switzerland, he took a long draught of the intoxicating liquor, and then sat down to meditate on some new and refined mode of punishment for his victim.

In the mean while, Tell's friends collected in groups about the village, eager to devise some means for his escape; but the vigilance of the soldiers completely baffled every plan. At length, an old peasant, who had accidentally conferred some favors on the tyrant, pressed boldly into his presence, and after regretting Tell's unintentional neglect, added, that although he had transgressed the laws, it would seem almost a pity to take away the life of one, who was esteemed the best cross-bow-man in the canton.

"Well spoken!" said the Governor, as if struck

with a sudden thought ; “ we will have proof of his skill. His life is safe, if he should succeed ; but if he fails, let no one further attempt to plead his cause.” Then, with a dark and ominous smile, he turned to an attendant, bidding him hasten to Burglen, and speedily bring Rudolph, Tell’s eldest son, a brave and lovely boy, who promised to be the comfort of his father’s life.

The unwilling messenger departed, and meeting the child, as he gathered wild strawberries from the mountain-side, he tempted him to mount before him, and, unknown to his mother, bore him rapidly to the village.

About mid-day, the prison-door was thrown open, and the unhappy Tell was led between two soldiers to the market-place, where low murmurings and excited glances showed that something extraordinary had happened. Judge of the fond father’s horror, when, on raising his eyes from the ground, they rested on the pale face of his Rudolph, who, bound hand and foot to the pole, had wearied himself with weeping ; and now, that he caught sight of his parent, exclaimed, with sobs, “ Father ! dear father ! save me ! take me away from here !”

The cruel Gesler now advanced, and bidding Tell make ready his bow and arrow, placed an apple on the child’s head, saying, “ Your life is safe if you strike this off ; but in the event of your missing the apple, or killing the child, your existence must pay the forfeit.”

Tell shuddered at the dreadful proposal, and

passionately besought him to revoke the sentence or substitute some other form of punishment. A thousand dark thoughts passed through his mind as he knelt at Gesler's feet, and pleaded for mercy. On the one hand, he saw his beautiful boy, swimming in his own blood, and looking reproachfully on him, as he struggled in the agonies of death; or else his delicate wife and young children rose before him, drooping with want and sorrow, and persecuted in every way by the wicked Governor. While lost in this most agonizing uncertainty, a soothing voice breathed this blessed thought into his mind: "You will succeed! God is merciful. He never forsakes the innocent." It was a whisper from his own heart, and it calmed the tumult of his soul, even as when the heavenly voice of Jesus said, "Peace! be still!" to the dark waters of the stormy lake.

William Tell fell on his knees, and throwing his arms to heaven, exclaimed, "God of mercy! God of justice! guide the arrow, and save the boy!" Then kissing Rudolph fervently, he whispered something in his ear, and rising with a firm and composed step, cried, "Now, tyrant, I am ready; here is my bow and arrow." Gesler laughed with joy, as he gave the bloody signal, while groans of horror and loud imprecations broke from all assembled in the market-place. Tell seized the bow; notched the arrow; and taking steady aim at the apple, which lay on the head of the now resolute boy, who, with his blue

eyes fixed on his father's face, stood erect, yet cold and pale as a marble statue, he drew the cord ; the dart whizzed through the air, just parted the child's clustering curls, and, splitting the apple, bore it to the ground.

It was but the work of a moment, but the agony of a long life was endured during that brief space of uncertainty, by the wretched parent. A joyful cry rose on the air, and men who had before stood motionless, and with eyelids closely pressed, now clasped their hands tumultuously, while some of the more excited females burst into tears.

Tell staggered as if struck with sudden blindness, or as if existence had passed away with the shot ; but the exulting shout recalled his senses, and, rushing forward, he clasped the almost fainting Rudolph to his breast, and in broken accents returned thanks to Heaven for his preservation.

But new trials yet awaited the much-injured bowman. Gesler's quick eye detected another arrow, which lay half concealed in Tell's girdle ; and while hidden rage distorted every feature, he assumed a courteous manner ; congratulated the peasant on this fresh proof of his skill, which he had just exhibited ; declared that his honor was perfectly appeased, and then coolly added, " Pray tell me, for what purpose have you concealed the shaft, which now peers from your girdle ? "

Tell colored high, as he answered, that it was a custom, among the cross-bowmen of his canton, *always to have an arrow in reserve.*

“No, friend,” replied the Governor, with a deceitful smile, “you wish to hide your motive from me. Speak frankly, and your life is spared ; but dissemble and you shall die.”

“Since you command, I will tell you plainly,” returned William Tell. “Had I destroyed my son with yonder dart, this, which you now see, would have avenged his death by—”

“Mine ?” shouted the infuriated Gesler.

“Yes !” the prisoner calmly replied, “I intended to avenge his death by thine.”

“Villain !” howled the tyrant, “I promised you your life, and my word shall not fail ; but henceforth, I will take care to closet you so closely, that your bow, like yourself, shall ever prove harmless, and where your eyes shall never more be blessed with the light of day.” And turning to the soldiers, he cried, “Load him anew with chains, and bear him to my boat, which lies idle on the lake, for ere yonder sun sets, the recreant shall be safely lodged in the dampest vault of my castle of Kussnacht.” Then, amid the muttered curses of his subjects, who feared to oppose his men-at-arms, the savage Gesler left the market-place, and, followed by his captive, walked rapidly to the little port of Huelen, which lies on the Lake of Lucerne.

The small vessel was soon made ready, and in the course of a half-hour, Gesler stepped on board, carrying with him the prisoner's bow and quiver, probably with the intention of hanging them up,

according to religious custom, in some chapel, as a gage of his personal safety.

Tell took his seat in moody silence at a distance, and the oars, brought into full play, bore them rapidly towards the middle of the lake. The day was very beautiful, and the waters glowed like topaz in the sunlight. Not a cloud was visible save one dark mass, that hung its black mantle over some far-off mountain pinnacles, which rose in fantastic shapes, or like spectral forms, high in mid-air, while a transparent veil of vapor hung lightly over the surrounding pine forest.

Suddenly the wind increased ; the folded clouds opened their wings, and spread rapidly over the entire blue sky ; loud thunder reverberated through the hollow caverns ; frequent flashes of lightning succeeded each other, with quick and dazzling brilliancy ; the waves dashed wildly against the fragile bark, and the sailors were compelled to strain every nerve, in combat against the force of the united elements. At length, one huge surge came sweeping on so wildly, that the terrified pilot sprang from the helm, and throwing himself at Gesler's feet, declared that they were all lost, unless the prisoner Tell was set at liberty, and allowed to render his powerful assistance.

The passion for life burns strongest in the breasts of the cruel and irreligious. A dread of the unknown future haunts them like a dark and angry presence ; they have no confidence in that Almighty Being who watches over the safety of *his creatures*, and in moments of danger, every

unjust deed and every unrepented sin rises up as if in judgement against them.

It was even so with the mean-spirited Governor. He felt that his life was in jeopardy ; and, in this time of danger, he was glad to order that the peasant's chains should be thrown aside, and even besought him, in the most servile language, to lend his aid in rescuing him from his present peril.

As his limbs recovered their freedom, Tell leaped boldly to the helm, and guiding the boat, with almost unearthly strength, through the boiling surges, soon reached a narrow pass, where mountains, rising perpendicularly on either side, scarcely offered a platform on which a human foot might stand. But the brave peasant felt that this was his only chance of escape ; and, while every eye was directed to the precipice ahead, he seized on the bow and quiver, which lay unnoticed at the Governor's feet, and springing on a projecting cliff, he laid hold of the wild shrubs which grew from every crevice, and, with their precarious aid, soon stood at liberty, on the summit of the mountain.

In the mean while, there was sorrow and anxiety in William Tell's cottage. The dinner hour arrived, and Gertrude, his wife, summoned the little group to the frugal board ; but when all had assembled, the young Rudolph was not to be found. The meal was finished, and still he did not appear ; till, giving the infant in charge to the eldest girl, the anxious mother left the cottage, and hastened in search of the truant boy.

In vain she wandered through the pine forests,

calling aloud his name. There was no answer, save the moaning of the distant lake, and the breeze sighing through the thick foliage of the linden-trees. With fearless footsteps, she crossed the rude high bridge, a huge pine-tree, over the falling torrent ; but no Rudolph was to be seen. There was one wild spot among the mountains, where the beautiful Alpine rose flourished abundantly, and whence he often culled a bouquet for his mother. Gertrude hastened thither, looking carefully into every crevice of the surrounding rocks, if, haply, he might have fallen asleep from fatigue ; but no footstep was visible on the untrodden snow.

“ I will seek Father Anselm, and ask his advice,” sighed the now wretched mother, as she brushed a big tear from her cheek, and retraced her steps to that part of the hamlet, where the good pastor resided.

Father Anselm’s heart was open as day to melting charity. His ear was ever ready to hear each tale of distress and sorrow, and his voice never failed to speak consolation, and offer assistance.

“ Let us walk to Altorf,” he said, when he had heard her story ; “ who knows but that fearless child may have followed his father’s footsteps ?”

“ Heaven bless you for the thought !” exclaimed Gertrude. “ Yet see ! the sun is fast declining, and you are too infirm to accompany me. I can well enough go alone.” So saying, the grateful mother, with her heart beating high with hope,

bade him farewell, and was soon treading the well-known path which led to the village.

She did not beguile the way with songs and national chants, as she was accustomed to do ; but once, when she caught the distant hymn which is sung every evening by the shepherds, among the hills, till it rings from Alp to Alp, as if Nature delighted to echo back God's praise, she too joined in the chorus contained in the following spirited and touching lines, which, sung among those grand and stupendous mountains, must indeed awaken a gush of pious joy and gratitude, in the soul of every listener.

“ Brothers ! the day declines ; above the glacier brightens,
And red through Hundwyl pines the vesper halo lightens ;
From hamlet, rock, and chalet,* your grateful song be pour'd,
Till mountain, lake, and valley re-echo—Praise the Lord !

“ The sun sleeps in the west, the stars gleam bright and cold,
And bring the hour of rest to the shepherd and his fold ;
Now swell the mountain chorus to Him our sires adored,
Whose glorious works before us still whisper—Praise the
Lord !

“ And hark ! below, aloft, from cliffs that pierce the cloud,
From blue lake, calm and soft, lull'd in its twilight shroud,
Fresh strength our anthem gathers ; from Alp to Alp, 'tis
pour'd—

The song that soothed our fathers—Ye shepherds, praise
the Lord !

“ Now, from forest, flood, and fell, let the voice of old and
young,
All the strength of Appenzell, true of heart and sweet of
tongue,
The grateful hymn prolong, and tune the spirit's chord,
Till yon stars take up our song—Hallelujah to the Lord !”

* *Swiss cottage or cabin.*

“How beautiful is poetry, when it thus gushes out spontaneously, as it were!” exclaimed Mrs. Seymour. “Those lines always awaken a delicious thrill in my spirit, and even now my soul re-echoes ‘Hallelujah to the Lord!’ In truth, there is no silence in religion; but even inanimate Nature speaks the praise of the Creator.”

“And surely its stream should never dry up in one human heart,” rejoined her husband. “Even the clouds of sorrow and disappointment should but increase its current. But to continue.”

The village of Altorf was soon reached, and the first person, whom Gertrude met on entering the street leading to the market-place, was an old neighbor; and at his side walked the sweet child, who had been the cause of her anxiety. She clasped the boy to her bosom, and tried to mingle severity with her tones of love, as she asked the reason for his thoughtless behavior; but her blood curdled with horror, and her limbs shook even to falling, as the peasant unfolded Rudolph’s narrow escape, till, when he stopped for a moment and leaned on his staff, she raised her head, looked up into his face, and perceived immediately, that the worst was yet to be told.

“Speak! Rudolph, speak!” she shrieked aloud, as she grasped the weeping boy by the arm. “Tell me, where is your father? Why have you left him?”

“Ah! she little thought what bad news was coming,” ejaculated Julia.

“No matter!” answered Henry. “She will

soon hear that her husband has escaped from the wicked Governor, and then she will have double cause for joy."

"Ah! brother, but I fear the horrid tyrant got hold of him again. Did he, father?"

"You shall hear, my daughter," replied Mr. Seymour.

The child sobbed convulsively, as he told how they had seized his father, and loaded him with heavy chains; but when he saw the deadly paleness of his mother's face, and felt her hand grow cold as marble in his clasp, he clung lovingly around her, exclaiming, "Mother! dear mother! only look up, and I will go myself, and beg the Governor for my poor father's life."

His words fell on a senseless ear, for the shock had been too much for Gertrude's feeble frame, and if it had not been for the support of the peasant, she would have fallen to the ground.

At length, she slowly recovered, and rising from his arm, murmured, "Come! my boy; let us go together. He cannot refuse our supplications."

The peasant, knowing that Gesler had accompanied his captive over the lake, sought to dissuade her from her purpose, and soothingly said, "No! friend, lean on me, and let us return to the hamlet. To-morrow, we will come together; and, I trust, our united efforts may move the hard-hearted Governor."

With these words, he drew the afflicted Ger-

trude from the market-place, and, followed by Rudolph, retraced their homeward steps.

“Pray, father, tell us what became of Gesler?” inquired Henry.

“I hope he was drowned,” rejoined Frank, with a look of angry excitement.

“Leave him in the hands of that Being, who orders all for the best,” said Mrs. Seymour. “The tyrant merits the just indignation of every one; but let us not condemn him to so sad an end. Perhaps your father will now tell his fate.”

After being blown about for some time, at the mercy of the winds, the boat was at last driven to the mountain-shore, and the infuriated Governor landed safely, but with every hot feeling of revenge burning fiercer than ever in his bosom. In his anxiety for their fate, Tell hid himself behind a projecting cliff, and watched in silence the progress of the mariners. He was relieved on seeing them land, at a spot about one hundred yards below his hiding-place, and at first purposed to return quietly to the hamlet. But, observing Gesler’s furious gestures as he moved onward with his servants, he felt curious to know how he bore the disappointment resulting from the failure of his plan of vengeance, and therefore remained concealed behind a thick mass of the clustering rhododendron.

As they advanced, he was startled to hear his own name, coupled with expressions of the most bitter hatred; and caught the following conversation.

“Yet surely, my lord, you will not condemn them unheard,” said the pilot. “His innocent wife—”

“Ay! and his young nest of eaglets too,” growled the angry Gesler.

“Let me beseech you to spare the poor children,” urged the boatman, in reply.

“Not one of them,” shouted the Governor. “To-morrow’s sun shall set on a scaffold, heavy with the worthless carcasses of Tell, his pale-faced wife, and every one of his precious children. And thus I will break the neck of every Swiss boor, who dares contradict my commands.” And as he spoke, a deadly whiteness spread round his mouth, and his keen gray eyes lighted up with a fierce and eager joy, like those of some savage beast, before it pounces on its prey.

“Now may God forgive me, if I err,” murmured the excited Tell, as, seizing his bow, he placed an arrow, drew the string, and, in the next moment, struck the savage speaker immediately through the heart. Gesler uttered one loud cry of despair, and fell heavily by the road-side; while the peasant, alarmed by his own act, stopped not to know its results, but sprang from his covert, and, flying rapidly down the road, took the direction leading to the hamlet.

Groans and lamentations fell on his ear, as he reached his cottage door; for Gertrude was now giving free vent to her sorrow. As their father entered, the children broke out in exclamations of delighted surprise; and before another moment

had elapsed, Tell clasped his weeping but happy wife to his bosom.

The news of the tyrant's death spread like lightning through the hamlet ; and as the peasant stood with his family around their frugal board, on which was placed their usual supper of chestnut-cakes and milk, a warm prayer of thanksgiving burst from his lips, and he blessed that God, who had made him the humble instrument of giving freedom to his unhappy country, and who had safely restored him to his wife and precious children.

“ And were they quite happy afterwards ? ” inquired George Somers, who had listened in the most rapt attention to the above narrative.

“ Yes ! beacon-fires were soon lit on the mountains, and one canton after another shook off the yoke of the Austrian oppressors, until, at last, the brave men of Switzerland were as free and independent as the wild chamois, that leap and sport among their snow-crowned hills.”

“ But, Mr. Seymour,” observed Mary Grey, with a modest blush, “ I do not know whether William Tell was altogether right, when he shot the Governor. You remember the commandment, ‘ Thou shalt not kill.’ ”

“ I love to hear your objections,” returned her friend, with a look of pleased surprise ; “ but do you not perceive, my dear, that this was entirely an act of self-defence ? If Gesler had lived, until the next morning, he would no doubt have put his *dreadful* purpose in execution. Although I quite

agree with you, that the deed was a startling one."

They all determined that Mr. Seymour's idea was very correct, and chatted about Switzerland, until Alice Somers asked if they were to have no piece of poetry, suitable to the subject; when their kind friend produced the following ballad.

"Unloose me, father! set me free,"
 The weeping Rudolph cried,
 As, with vain strength, he sought to break
 The cords so closely tied;
 "What means all this? dear father, say?"
 He almost shriek'd aloud,
 When first he caught his parent's face,
 Amid that stranger-crowd.

The tall frame of the strong man shook
 Like sapling in the storm,
 As, with a fond, despairing gaze,
 He clasp'd the boy's young form;
 And bending o'er him, in low tones
 Breathed words into his ear,
 That brought hope's crimson to his cheek,
 And calm'd his spirit's fear.

Then proudly did young Rudolph stand,
 With his soft pleading eyes
 Fix'd steadfastly upon his sire,
 While on his bright head lies
 The fatal mark, whose circle small
 Must bear the dart secure,
 Else Gesler's heart will ne'er relent,
 And his rash words abjure.

It was a touching sight to see
 That parent and his child,
 The one with his white lips compress'd
 In heavy anguish wild;

The other, fair and beautiful,
 With slight and graceful form,
 Waiting the arrow, that perchance
 Might drink his life-blood warm.

“ God aid me now ! ” Tell cried aloud,
 As, seizing his strong bow,
 He drew the cord, while with the barb
 His senses seem'd to go ;
 Till a wild shout of triumph rose
 From crowds, that round him press'd ;
 One moment more, and Rudolph fell
 Half fainting on his breast.

Yes ! he was safe ! the trial past !
 But Oh ! what tongue can tell
 The fearful weight of agony,
 That on his spirit fell,
 In that small, atom space of time,
 When, whizzing through the air,
 That slender dart, for life or death,
 Parted his boy's soft hair.

Whene'er he drank, in after time,
 That drop from memory's stream,
 Methinks to him it must have come
 But as a frightful dream :
 Or if the stern reality
 Could e'er an entrance find,
 Did it not stir up mystic springs
 Within his grateful mind ?

Ah ! even until life's last hour,
 There surely was one shrine,
 Where fond remembrance ne'er forgot
 To offer gifts divine ;
 And when, o'er mountain, vale, or field,
 His Rudolph by him trod,
 Could he repress this gushing prayer—
 “ I thank thee ! O my God ? ”

The children agreed to commit the above lines to memory, as it would be a pleasant way of impressing on their minds this striking event in Swiss history. They were much pleased when their friend informed them, that the incident is still proudly narrated in many an humble cottage among the Alps ; and they were yet more gratified on learning that, thirty-one years after the patriot's death, (which happened by the falling of an avalanche,) and while eleven persons who had been intimately acquainted with him still lived, a chapel was erected on the very spot, where he leaped from the Governor's boat ; and at each succeeding anniversary, the inhabitants of the different cantons still meet together, and commemorate the day, by a solemn feast.

"I suppose it is to them, what our glorious fourth of July is to us," observed Henry.

"And do you not think, sir, that the characters of the Swiss patriot and our own Washington are very similar ?" added George.

"They are indeed," replied Mr. Seymour. "Both gave the first touch to the beautiful fabrics of freedom, which nobly distinguish the United States and Switzerland, from all the world besides ; both were devoted to agricultural pursuits ; and, more than all, both have left names, which may well be handed down as spotless legacies to all coming generations."

FIFTH EVENING.

“MOTHER! tell me! what book are you reading?” asked Frank, the next evening, as he left the sofa where his sister Julia and Mary Grey were engaged in a quiet romp with little Rose, while waiting the arrival of the rest of the party.

“It must be something capital!” he exclaimed, as he lifted his week’s ‘Reward of Merit’ from his mother’s work-table, where, a rare thing truly, it had lain for the last quarter of an hour entirely unnoticed.

“I am re-perusing ‘the Antiquary,’ by Walter Scott,” replied Mrs. Seymour, “and I own that several pages of its keen wit have engrossed me so completely, as to make me neglect my boy’s just claims to attention. You have been an industrious scholar, Frank,” she added, with a smile of approbation, as she took up his fresh school-ticket, and placed it with others, that were carefully preserved in a small box. “You remember your father promised to purchase that beautiful magic lantern, when you could lay a dozen tickets before him. Do not weary in well-doing, my son, and we shall soon spend a pleasant evening, in looking over its pretty pictures.”

“I will try hard, mother, to win the lantern,” replied Frank. “By that time Julia will be well

again ; and even if she is not," he whispered softly in his mother's ear, " you know we will be all quite willing to wait, until she can enjoy the show with us. But do tell me something of that great man, Sir Walter Scott. He was a very smart school-boy, was he not ?"

" Just the contrary, my son, if you mean that he always recited his lessons correctly. Like the Naturalist, Linnæus, whose early biography your father lately unfolded, his tastes seemed to rebel against school pursuits, and he was esteemed a naughty scholar, often in disgrace for being idle himself, and, worse still, for keeping his companions from their lessons."

" But why did they mind him ?" inquired Frank. " We have a dull blockhead in our class, by the name of Lewis Jones, and I assure you he is quite avoided by us all."

" I will tell you," replied Mrs. Seymour. " From his early childhood, Scott possessed a wonderful talent at inventing amusing stories, and in reciting wild ballads ; so that his playmates were never so happy, as when, seated in a circle around him, on the green grass of the play-ground, they listened with eager ears to his highly-colored and lively narratives. ' The chief enjoyment of my holydays,' as he himself writes, ' was to escape with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable stories of knight-errantry, and battles, and enchantments,

which were continued from one day to another, as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion.'

"While Scott was a pupil in the grammar school in Edinburgh, the celebrated Doctor Blair, accompanied by some other friends, paid a visit to the Teacher, who had but lately taken charge of the seminary. At his request, the Doctor examined several of the scholars, and paid particular attention to young Scott. The Preceptor thought that it was the youth's stupidity which engaged the Doctor's notice, and said, 'My predecessor tells me, that boy has the thickest scull in the school.'

"'It may be so,' replied Doctor Blair, 'but, through that thick scull, I can discern many bright rays of future genius.'"

"It was just so with the great Newton," exclaimed Frank. "They said he was fit for nothing but to drive a team, but they soon found that he would not do for a farmer. I have read somewhere, that when he was sent with a servant to dispose of the crop, he used to leave the domestic to go by himself to market, while he sat by the road-side quietly observing every thing in Nature, and often with his thoughts far away among the stars, I suppose. After all, mother, I begin to think that there is no need for a poor fellow to be so studious, when I see lazy boys grow up into such learned men."

"You forget, Frank," replied Mrs. Seymour, "*that there is a natural talent, belonging to some,*

far more than to others. Your childish mind could no more compare with Newton's, than yonder merry Rosy's, in its yet untaught state, with mine, which has been going to school for so many years. Besides, Scott and Newton were not really idle boys, for their brains were always busily at work, and they were both fond of reading.

“ In his early youth, Scott had a long illness, which confined him to his bed, in a state, that admitted of no other amusements than chess and the perusal of books. He tells us, that he devoured all the poems and novels, which a large circulating library afforded, until he was so satiated with these, that he took up the more instructive volumes of memoirs, travels, and history.

“ After he recovered his health, his chief delight was to gather legends from all the aged shepherds who lived around his neighborhood ; and these favorite traditions were afterwards woven into many of his novels.”

“ Did he make a fortune by writing ?” asked Julia, who, together with Mary, now joined them.

“ Yes ! he was considered by the world as a man in very prosperous circumstances, and travellers, who visited him during his life-time at his country seat, called Abbotsford, describe his domestic establishment as the most delightful that can be imagined. His time for composition was from seven to eleven o'clock, and after that hour he gave himself to the entertainment of his guests, with so much cordiality and cheerfulness, and, above all, with such an entire absence of literary

pretension, that the shyest stranger found himself at once on terms of familiarity with the greatest man in Europe.

“ Shortly afterwards, the commercial house in which he had an interest became bankrupt, to an enormous amount ; his wife died ; almost all his property was surrendered to his creditors, and excessive application to composition so injured his health, that it brought on an attack of palsy, which entirely prevented all further mental effort.”

“ They should have advised him to travel, and done every thing for him that could be done,” said Mary Grey, with moistened eyes.

“ So they did, dear,” answered Mrs. Seymour. “ His children loved him tenderly, and at last they persuaded him to leave Scotland, and accompanied him to Italy, where they journeyed for several months. When he arrived at Naples, the people were all eager to do him honor. Contrary to established etiquette, the King called upon him ; a fete was given in his honor, and Pompeii was chosen for its site. All the guests took some character from the *Waverley Novels*. The deserted city echoed with music ; lamps flung their lights over walls so long unused to festivity. The City of the *Dead* suited well the festival of the dying. Sir Walter was present, but unconscious ; he sat wan, exhausted, and motionless, — ‘ the centre of the glittering ring ’ formed by his own genius.

“ *As his health continued to grow worse, his*

children yielded to his wishes, and they returned together to his favorite home, Abbotsford, where he shortly afterwards expired, in the sixty-first year of his age."

"I have heard him spoken of as 'the Great Unknown,'" said Frank: "how did he obtain the title?"

"Because he did not acknowledge himself the author of yonder long row of works, for many years after their publication," answered Mrs. Seymour, pointing, as she spoke, to the brightly-bound volumes which ornamented her book-case. "An instance of modesty," added she, "rarely to be met with on the list of literary men. I remember an anecdote relating to 'the Great Unknown' which may perhaps please you.

"As Sir Walter and a friend were one day slowly sauntering along the High-street, Edinburgh, their ears were saluted by the cries of an Italian vender of images, who, in broken English, was extolling his brittle ware to procure custom. The chief burden of the itinerant merchant's song, however, was the bust of 'the *Great Unknown*,' which he declared to be a perfect likeness. He now offered his wares to the inspection of the two gentlemen, still dwelling upon 'the *Great Unknown*,' as 'de most parfaite likeness of de wonderful original, himself.' The friend of Sir Walter desired him to look at the features of the latter, when the poor fellow, in an ecstasy of joy, exclaimed, 'Tis he! 'tis de Grand Unknown! I make my most profits by him, and I will beg him to take

von, two, tree images, all vat he like, for not any ting.' ”

Mr. Seymour now entered the room, attended by Alice and George Somers, and the children gathered around the table.

THE STOLEN BOY.

AN AUSTRIAN TALE.

It was a lovely evening in August, and the full beams of the cloudless moon shed a silvery light over the beautiful banks of the Danube, charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with verdure, fields of corn, villages, and palaces. But it shone nowhere more brightly, than on the ancient castle of Shonburg, situated in the suburbs of Vienna. On this particular evening, the rich owners held a splendid fete, in honor of the fourth birth-day of their only son, the heir to the princely domain ; and as one party of guests after another passed the heavy draw-bridge, thrown across an extensive moat, each remarked the beauty of the illuminated gardens, and the long and brilliant retinue of vassals, who stood at the entrance, ready to receive their master's guests.

Within the castle, every thing was on the most magnificent scale. The lofty gallery, through which they passed, was filled with the portraits of the Count's proud line of ancestors, for the *Austrian* noblemen are peculiarly aristocratic on the

point of high birth, and all classes do not mingle so harmoniously as in our own republican country, where moral worth is esteemed far more than rare riches. The conservatory was redolent with the perfume of orange and lemon trees, planted in huge gilt pots; while the suite of many large rooms, richly carved, and adorned with hangings of the finest tapestry, was brilliant with numerous colored lamps, tastefully arranged around statues of marble and alabaster, which were reflected to infinity by huge Venetian mirrors, whose clear crystal glasses were incased in frames of wrought silver.

In a magnificent chamber, adjoining the principal saloon, lay the young boy, for whose sake all this costly show was prepared. He reposed on a couch covered with the purest and richest satin, and the price of the jewelled bracelets and necklace, which surrounded his little throat and arms, was a sufficient fortune in itself.

For some hours, many a light step and graceful form moved unweariedly through the mazes of the dance; and, when supper was announced, the first toast, proposed by the gratified guests, was, "Health and long life to the infant heir of Shonburg!"

The fond father, in the fulness of his delight, bade a servant summon the nurse with his boy, that the little Ulric might himself return the pledge; but the fair Countess stayed the attendant, as he was about to obey her husband's bidding, and a sweet smile lit up her features, as, with a mother's

love, she herself left the apartment, and hastened to the child's chamber, pleased with the idea of displaying her best treasure to her guests.

A brief interval elapsed, and the company waited her return, while the noise of footsteps passing and repassing was heard. Presently frantic shrieks broke on the ear, and the pale Countess rushed in, exclaiming, "My boy! my boy! where is he?" and fell fainting at her husband's feet. Some of the company flew to the chamber, but judge of their horror, when they saw the child's bed empty, and his nurse, Ursula, wandering wildly from place to place, beating her breast, as she called her beloved charge by every tender name, and entreated them to assist in finding him.

All was distress and confusion. The visitors, with the exception of the Count's intimate friends, departed, and when the morning dawned on that night of horror, it brought no ray of comfort to the hapless mother, who reclined at one moment, apparently lifeless, on her couch, and at the next burst from her attendants, with the strength of despair, and roamed hurriedly through the extensive domain, in search of the lost boy.

Her husband, on the first alarm, mounted his horse, and, attended by his friends and servants, rode during the long hours of darkness in every direction, making inquiries of every one he met, and seeking in vain for his precious son. But no traces of footsteps could be discovered, except in *one spot*, where the burnt underwood, and some

broken victuals, told that it had been the recent resting-place of a party of Gipsies.

“To what nation do the Gipsies belong?” inquired Frank.

“Their origin has never been discovered,” replied Mr. Seymour. “No one knows whence they came, or how they live, but their very existence seems precarious. In some respects, they resemble the American aborigines; but even our Indians, in their most savage state, live less by hazard, for those who neglect agriculture altogether, are yet renowned as mighty hunters. The wandering Tartars, too, are similar in many of their habits to the Gipsies; but, although the tillage of the ground is unknown to both, the Tartars, unlike the Gipsies, boast of some visible wealth, in the cattle, which they always drive along with them in their ramblings.”

“Do not the Lazzaroni of Naples, also, approach the Gipsy tribe?” asked Mrs. Seymour. “They, too, live entirely without shelter or the means of sustenance, which are exceedingly uncertain, and many of them are so degraded, that they have not even a name.”

“Only to think of that,” exclaimed the children, “that any body should be without a name. How queer it seems!” and they laughed aloud at their friend’s anecdote, which was but too true.

“These extraordinary people are wanderers from their birth,” continued Mr. Seymour, “and earn a scanty livelihood, in the different countries through which they pass, by tricks of sleight of

hand, and telling fortunes to the idle and inquisitive. It is almost impossible to mistake one of the tribe, for the cunning countenance, dark complexion, and piercing, coal-black eye, always reveal their race. Their favorite resting-place seems to be among the wilds of Hungary and Bohemia, where they are found in greater numbers, than in any other part of the globe. But to continue my story—”

The afflicted father issued a warrant for the seizure of all the tribe who could be found around Vienna ; but, although many were brought before him as captives, it was evident, on examination, that they knew nothing of the affair ; and after many months of anxious and heart-sickening hope deferred, the once gay Count and his broken-hearted wife shut themselves up in their lonely castle, and rejected all further communion with the world, save such as was unweariedly sustained, in the futile hope of learning some tidings of the lost boy.

“ But tell us what became of him, father,” said Julia ; “ I am impatient to know.”

“ I will now unfold his fate,” replied Mr. Seymour.

As he fell asleep on the evening of the feast, lulled by the sound of the distant music, his attentive nurse, who loved him dearly, sat by the boy’s bed-side, and watched his peaceful slumbers, amusing herself with anticipations of the time, when, having reached manhood, the young Ulric *would be able* to reward her for all her present

assiduities. While busied with these innocent fancies, a fellow-servant entered the chamber, and entreated her to come to the domestics' hall, where a group of Gipsies were affording amusement by telling their various fortunes.

For a long time, Ursula would not consent ; but when Roderick asked the loan of a valuable ring, which she wore on her finger, adding, that the chief of the Gipsies wanted one for the purpose of showing some proofs of his skill in legerdemain, she unwillingly agreed to leave the little sleeper for a few minutes, during which time she might lend the bawble, and receive it herself from the Gipsy's hands.

Alas ! Ursula little knew the danger of her indecision. The servants were so gay and noisy, that a half hour elapsed, before the cunning tricks were all displayed ; and an active woman of the tribe, having learned in gossip of the festivity above, left the apartment, unobserved by the domestics, and, hurrying through a private passage, ascended to the quiet chamber, where she hoped to seize on some valuable article, for the Gipsies are much addicted to theft. The door had been left open, and you may imagine with what delight she hastened to possess herself of the costly ornaments, which decorated the young Ulric's neck and arms.

As she unclasped the first bracelet, a slight noise in the passage fell on her quick ear, and, fearful of discovery, yet unwilling to resign the jewels, she raised the sleeper softly, and wrapping

her cloak around him, stole carefully down stairs, escaped through a back entrance, crossed the draw-bridge, and took a dark and narrow by-path, that led to a cave in the forest, where she was speedily followed by the rest of the Gipsies, who, on the first noise of the bustle and distress occasioned by the boy's loss, deemed it safest to leave the castle, and seek their well-chosen covert in the forest.

For some days, they remained in the cave, fearing to venture out, as the whole country around was in a state of excitement ; but, when their pursuers had somewhat lessened their search, the vagrants issued out at midnight, and hastening through dark forests, by almost impenetrable pathways, took the road that led to Prague, situated in the northwestern corner of Austria.

You can hardly imagine the hardships and privations endured by the little Ulric, during this long journey. He, who had never before reposed, save on a couch of the finest linen, beneath curtains of the richest silk, now slept constantly in the damp night air, with the green grass for his couch, and the blue starry skies for his only canopy.

At first he fretted incessantly, calling, in sweet infantine language, his parents and nurse by name, until the Gipsies became so weary of his cries, that they would gladly have restored him to his parents, could they have done so without risk to themselves. One day he moaned so piteously, that the chief of the tribe declared, he would bear

it no longer, and commanded that Ulric should be left behind in the forest.

But there was one among them, who loved the child too well to submit quietly to this hard decree. Lilah was a Gipsy girl, but her heart was warmer and kinder than that of many who dwell in cities, and enjoy all the advantages of education and social life. When she heard her chief's stern decree, and saw Ulric left to his fate, at the foot of an old oak, she rushed forward, and, falling at the man's feet, besought him to allow her to take charge of the poor boy, promising that he should no longer be troubled by his complaints.

The chief sullenly granted her request, and Lilah hastened to take possession of the friendless sufferer. Her own sad fate had first awakened sympathy towards the child ; for she was often sick and weak, and at such times her companions treated her very unkindly, and would sometimes beat her severely, when she could not dance and sing with the rest, in the green woods beneath the sunny skies.

Ulric was now left entirely to her care ; and she was so sweet-tempered, so tender and affectionate, that he soon learned to call her by name, and would sit for hours at her side, feeding her with the wild berries, which she gathered for his sake ; letting her dress him with gay flowers and bright beads ; and repeating after her the strange jargon, which she taught him by short sentences, until he understood all she bid him do, and became so contented, that the images of his dis-

tant home faded, like a dream, from his infant mind.

Whenever he was sick or fretful, Lilah would leave the tribe, and roam with him in the forests, until she succeeded in restoring him to quiet.

“Poor fellow! I suppose his mother would hardly have known him, after so much exposure,” exclaimed Mary Grey.

“No! indeed,” replied Mr. Seymour. “His fair face, which was at first stained by the Gipsies, with the juice of some particular plant, to avoid detection; soon became as dark as that of many of the children of the tribe; and his flaxen hair, now whitened by the summer sun, would have grown matted and dirty, if it had not been for Lilah, who delighted to bathe it with cool water, every morning, and laughed with pleasure, when the flexile ringlets twisted lovingly, as it were, round her brown fingers. His own mother would not have recognised him, except by a small mark, representing a cross, on his left shoulder, which an old nurse had pricked in with gun-powder, when he was quite an infant, superstitiously imagining, that the sacred sign would prove a sort of defence against danger.”

For several months they pursued their wanderings, and, in spite of constant exposure and unwholesome food, Ulric continued to improve greatly in strength, spirits, and appearance; though, alas! his naturally active and intelligent mind was allowed to remain in utter ignorance, and if *it had not* been for a particular event, which

changed the color of his whole life, he would probably never have left the Gipsies. Imboldened by their former successes, several of the tribe found an entrance, one day, into the house of a rich gentleman of Prague, where they were detected in the act of stealing some valuable pieces of silver plate.

Officers of justice were speedily summoned, and the whole group, including Lilah and the young Ulric, were taken prisoners, and sentenced to confinement in the city jail.

As they were about to be led away, the gentleman's wife remarked to her husband the beauty of the little boy, who, terrified at the sight of strangers, clung to Lilah's dress, and, raising his soft blue eyes to her face, revealed a look of the most tender pleading.

"Did you ever see a more graceful creature?" asked she of her husband, with her eyes filling with tears. "What a pity! that one so young and so lovely, should perhaps come to an untimely end."

Lilah noticed the stranger's gentle dignity, and the compassionate interest with which she regarded her little companion. She had never learned Ulric's family name, but she was well aware that he had been stolen, and a sudden pang shot like a sharp arrow through her mind, as the voice of conscience whispered, "Save him! save him! Lilah, why should he suffer, when you *can* save him?"

For a moment's space she stood trembling and undecided, with her dark, brilliant eyes riveted on

the lady's face, as if she would read her very soul. The close scrutiny seemed to determine her in her purpose ; for in the next instant, she fell at the stranger's feet, and a look of unutterable sorrow clouded her beaming countenance, and the veins of her forehead swelled with agony, as, drawing the astonished Ulric to her side, she pulled the dress from his rounded form, and revealed to the astonished lady the sight of his white and unstained shoulders, saying, in German, as she did so, "Ulric is not of our tribe, and shall he die ? Say but one word, lady ! and he is yours."

The appeal was not in vain ; for the mistress of the house, who was an Italian, and who had lost her only son some months previously in Naples, whence she had retired for change of scene, was gentle and tender-hearted. Taking her husband aside, they passed several minutes in earnest conversation, till a bright smile told that he had given a willing assent to her proposition ; then returning to the group, she laid her hand on Ulric's head, and smoothing back the ringlets from his noble brow, she murmured, "Only give him to me, and he shall fill the place of my lost boy."

Now came Lilah's hardest trial. Her whole soul seemed wrapped in one overwhelming emotion, as, seizing the beautiful boy, she clasped him convulsively to her breast ; read, with one long, loving gaze, the changeful expression of his rosy face ; and then, pressing his hands in the stranger's, *as if pleading* for his future happiness, with a low,

wild cry of anguish, she kissed him hurriedly, and before the alarmed child could follow, fled from the room, and joined the captive group, who waited her appearance in sullen silence.

It was evident that the boy had been stolen, and the gentleman, to whose care he was confided, felt deeply for the loss which his unknown parents had sustained. He caused the Gipsies to be strictly examined before a court of justice, but no information could be gained from a class, whose wild spirits have never been subdued either by bribes or punishments, by mildness or severity ; and they were again sent back to prison.

Advertisements, too, were for some time circulated in the public prints, giving an exact description of his appearance ; but, owing to the deranged state of the country, which was laid waste by constant wars, the information never reached his parents.

You may imagine Ulric's sorrow, on finding himself separated from his kind nurse, who had watched over him so faithfully. At first, he would not be pacified, and roamed about the large mansion, calling Lilah, piteously, by name. At length, however, his new friends' tender assiduities prevailed, and he became more cheerful. They loved him so dearly that his every wish was gratified, and in the course of a few years no one would have recognised the sun-burnt Gipsy, in the fair and beautiful boy, who made the whole happiness of his new home. The events of his childhood had moulded his character in the cast of fearless

decision, and among the youths of the neighborhood, there was not one, who defended himself more courageously, or sustained the cause of the feebler more generously, than the brave Ulric.

At first he received a home education, but his earnest inquiries after knowledge induced his adopted mother to assent to her husband's wishes, and he was placed at a public school, which, from having been once visited by Maria Theresa, the beloved Queen of Austria, was ever after regarded as a favorite one, among the higher classes of society in Prague.

"Tell me! sir, was not Maria Theresa the mother of the Queen of France?" asked George.

"Yes! Marie Antoinette was one among the sixteen children of this beautiful and fascinating woman. Several of her daughters died, in all the bloom of youth and loveliness, of that dreadful scourge, the small-pox, a disease very fatal in her family, and from which she herself recovered with difficulty, though not without the most marked disfigurement of her features."

"Were not children vaccinated then, as they are now," asked Frank, "to prevent the disease?"

"No! the use of the vaccine matter was then unknown, but Lady Mary Montague, who travelled over the middle countries of Europe about that period, mentions, in her highly-interesting letters, the invention of ingrafting or inoculation for the small-pox, which was, at that time, in general use on the continent, and was shortly after-

wards, at her instigation, brought into fashion in England, until Doctor Jenner subsequently conceived the far preferable system of vaccination. Marie Antoinette was the youngest child, and the Empress was greatly delighted when her marriage with the Dauphin, afterwards Louis the Sixteenth, sealed the alliance between France and Austria, which had been the great object of her wishes for many years. Alas! she little anticipated, that her beloved daughter would be executed on the scaffold, amid the insults of the blood-thirsty and infuriated French nation; and if she had not happily died before that dreadful event, no doubt, her affectionate heart would have broken with distress."

"I do not envy Maria Theresa, with all her greatness," observed Julia. "But continue your story, papa."

Education is universally esteemed throughout the middle countries of Europe, and particularly in Germany and some parts of Austria, where institutions, supported by government, are to be found in the smallest villages. Several times in the year, masters, appointed for the purpose, visit the several departments, and publish the advance of the pupils. Among his school-mates, Ulric was ever remarked for his industry and intelligence, and as he grew to years of manhood, his friends anxiously revolved what profession they should choose for the promising youth.

But patriotism soon helped them to determine. For some years the kingdom of Austria had nobly

contended against Prussia. Frederick the Great, King of that country, was a military chief, unequalled in skill and bravery, and the wonderful resources which he displayed, after numerous defeats, obliged the Empress, Maria Theresa, to employ all her fortitude and perseverance against the inroads of this formidable rival. For seven long years, they had sustained a contest remarkable for feats of personal valor, and a tremendous waste of human life; till, at one time, Maria Theresa was so overwhelmed by the united force of the French and Prussians, that she was on the point of being driven from her capital, and the trump of war rang through her dominions, calling on her subjects for succor.

Among the troops which assembled at Prague, for the purpose of marching to her assistance, was a band of the most promising youths of the city, who, although tender in years, burned to avenge their Sovereign's cause. Ulric, who had gained an unwilling assent from his adopted father, prepared to accompany him to the war, by enlisting among them; and his ardor amounted to enthusiasm, when he first drew his unstained sabre from its glittering shield.

But the flush of his cheek paled with anxiety when he remarked the tears that started from her eyes, who had so well filled the place of a mother; and throwing the sabre aside, he advanced towards her with his fine face suffused with sorrow, as he besought her parting blessing. The *afflicted* lady clasped him in her arms and gazed

upon him in silent grief, as she thought how his beauty might soon mingle with the dust, or how he might lie mangled and bleeding on the battle-field, with no soft voice to comfort him, and no kind arm to bear him to a place of safety. These anticipations were too much for her affectionate heart, and the parting with her husband and Ulric was clouded by the deepest melancholy.

After a march of some days, they reached Presburg, the capital of Hungary, and were welcomed in person by the Queen, who, alarmed by the danger impending over her kingdom, hastened to solicit the aid of her Hungarian subjects.

Mrs. Jameson, a distinguished English writer, has given so fine and graphic a description of Maria Theresa's appearance before the Hungarian chiefs, that I am tempted to transcribe the whole passage. She writes thus :—

“ Who has not read of the scene which ensued, which has so often been related, so often described ? and yet we all feel that we cannot hear of it too often. When we first meet with it on the page of history, we are taken by surprise, as though it had no business there : it has the glory and the freshness of old romance. Poetry never invented any thing half so striking, or that so completely fills the imagination.

“ The Hungarians had been oppressed, enslaved, insulted by Maria Theresa's predecessors. In the beginning of her reign, she had abandoned the usurpations of her ancestors, and had voluntarily taken the oath to preserve all their privileges

entire. This was partly from policy, but it was also partly from her own just and kind nature. The hearts of the Hungarians were already half won, when she arrived at Presburg, in June, 1741. She was crowned Queen of Hungary on the 13th, with the peculiar national ceremonies : the iron crown of St. Stephen was placed on her head, the tattered but sacred robe thrown over her own rich habit, which was incrustated with gems ; his cimeter girded to her side. Thus attired, and mounted upon a superb charger, she rode up the Royal Mount, a rising ground near Presburg, so called from being consecrated to this ceremony, and, according to the antique custom, drew her sabre, and defied the four quarters of the world, in a manner, that showed she had no occasion for that weapon to conquer all who saw her. The crown of St. Stephen, which had never before been placed on so small or so lovely a head, had been lined with cushions to make it fit ; it was also very heavy, and its weight, added to the heat of the weather, incommoded her ; when she sat down to dinner in the great hall of the castle, she expressed a wish to lay it aside. On lifting the diadem from her brow, her hair, loosened from confinement, fell down in luxuriant ringlets over her neck and shoulders ; the glow which the heat and emotion had diffused over her complexion added to her natural beauty, and the assembled nobles, struck with admiration, could scarce forbear from shouting their applause.

“ *The effect which her youthful grace and love-*

liness produced on this occasion had not yet subsided, when she called together the Diet, or Senate of Hungary, in order to lay before them the situation of her affairs. She entered the hall of the castle, habited in the Hungarian costume, but still in deep mourning for her father; she traversed the apartment with a slow and majestic step, and ascended the throne, where she stood for a few minutes silent. The Chancellor of the state first explained the situation to which she was reduced, and then the Queen, coming forward, addressed the assembly in Latin, a language which she spoke fluently, and which is still in common use among the Hungarians.

“ ‘ The disastrous state of our affairs,’ said she, ‘ has moved us to lay before our dear and faithful states of Hungary, the recent invasion of Austria, the danger now impending over this kingdom, and propose to them the consideration of a remedy. The very existence of the kingdom of Hungary, of our own person, of our crown, is now at stake, and, forsaken by all, we place our sole hope in the fidelity, arms, and long-tried valor of the Hungarians.’

“ She pronounced these simple words in a firm, but melancholy tone. Her beauty, her magnanimity, and her distress, roused the Hungarian chiefs to the wildest pitch of enthusiasm: they drew their sabres half out of the scabbard, then flung them back to the hilt, with a martial sound, which re-echoed through the lofty hall, and exclaimed, with one accord, ‘ Our swords and our

blood for your Majesty—we will die for our *King*, Maria Theresa !’ Overcome by sudden emotion, she burst into a flood of tears. At this sight, the nobles became almost frantic with enthusiasm. They retired from her presence, to vote supplies of men and money, which far exceeded her expectations.”

Ulric was a witness to this glorious scene, and his valor was so much aroused by the youth and loveliness of his beloved Queen, that he felt impatient to advance and seal his devotion on the field of battle.

The tumult of conflict presented itself, when they arrived in view of the French and Prussian armies, which had encamped within a few leagues of Vienna. Every preparation being made, the battle commenced; while, with the blood-red standard of Hungary waving above them, and encouraged by loud and repeated shouts of victory, the Austrian troops animated each other to exertion, and, after a close combat on both sides, obliged the Prussians and French to accomplish their retreat with great difficulty.

The little phalanx of young men remained almost unbroken, and astonished the more disciplined troops by their dauntless valor; but in the heat of the action, Ulric received a severe wound in the shoulder, while flying to the assistance of his adopted father, who fell dead beneath a heavy shot of musketry, which carried destruction among the ranks. He was so faint from loss of blood, *that he would have been crushed to pieces, if a*

young comrade at his side had not dragged him to a safe spot, and given him a draught of water, after which he was carried thence in a litter, to a castle in the neighborhood, which had been thrown open for the reception of the wounded sufferers.

By some strange chance, Ulric was laid in the very chamber where he first opened his eyes on the light of life ; but how different was the scene which now presented itself, compared with the night when the owners held that fated feast, whose consequences had entirely changed the aspect of his existence. All was then joy, splendor, and festivity, for the young Count and Countess knew sorrow only by name ; now, its wide apartments bore the air of a hospital, and the bereaved pair moved among the sick and dying, with their brows furrowed by grief, rather than years, and with no pulse of joy beating in their breasts, save that which arises from religious faith, and kindly sympathies towards their suffering fellow-creatures ; for what heart is ever dead to the delightful emotions of pity and benevolence. They are the sweetest and purest drops in the ocean of this world's happiness ; and when the spirit, wearied out by the bitter disappointments of life, turns with loathing from all other employments, these healthful springs awaken an activity in the morbid current of the soul. In truth, there is no blessing like sympathy.

“ It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven.
Life hath naught else, that may supply its place :

Void is ambition, cold is vanity,
And wealth an empty glitter, without love."

Although the Countess was feeble in health and spirits, she did not turn from these scenes of misery, but, like a good angel, moved with her handmaids among them, breathing words of comfort into the ears of the desponding, administering cordials to the weak and dying, and binding up such wounds as did not require the aid of a surgeon. When she approached Ulric, tears gushed from her eyes, as she looked on the youth's pale, but beautiful face, and imagined the grief of her, from whose maternal arms he had been torn. Revived by a refreshing draught, he opened his eyes for a moment, and tried to rise from the couch as he murmured some words of gratitude to his kind nurse ; but he soon fell back exhausted on his pillow, pointing, as he did so, to the shoulder, which was stiff with pain and loss of blood.

The Countess quickly removed the sack, which had been hastily twined around the wound, and after applying a pleasant fomentation, prepared a fresh and soft bandage. As she proceeded in her task, Ulric moved from his first position, and the bare shoulder was entirely revealed. Judge of his surprise and terror, when the Countess, after one earnest gaze, became pale as ashes, and with a long, ringing shriek, fell fainting on the floor. The Count, with her attendants, pressed around, and succeeded in restoring her to her senses, when the first words which she uttered, revealed her *cause of agitation*. Raising her eyes to heaven,

she exclaimed, "My God ! I thank thee !" and then, falling on her husband's neck, she sobbed aloud, "My beloved husband, we are not childless—our boy is found !"

The Count was overwhelmed with distress, believing that his wife's mind was destroyed by sorrow ; but, rising with an effort from his arm, she drew him to Ulric's side, and pointing to the dark cross on his uncovered shoulder, wept over him convulsively, as the Count, transported with delight, fell by the bed-side, exclaiming, "My son ! my son ! it is indeed my lost Ulric !" and then gazed in speechless ecstasy upon his face, as if all his faculties were suddenly benumbed.

It was long before the youth could understand the cause of this violent agitation ; but when, after some hours of repose, he unfolded, at their request, the story of his past life, and recalled that early period, when he had wandered with the Gipsy tribe, and owed his deliverance to a Gipsy girl, the whole seemed perfectly disclosed ; and as his mother described, in broken accents, the dreadful loss which she had sustained for seventeen years, the sudden disappearance of the gang, and the exact mark which had been stamped on his infant shoulder, Ulric was quite convinced, and the long, burning kisses, the convulsive sobs, the tender eloquence of his soft, blue eyes, and the flush of delight, which kindled his pale cheek with the bright hue of health, all told, that his heart fluttered with new-born hopes and affections, even as some bird, which, although tended

by careful and loving hands, pours out an unwonted gush of song, when first it escapes its cage, and flies, free and unfettered, among its native woods. He loved his early friends most gratefully, but, knowing that he was not their son, a secret yearning, almost unperceived by himself, had taken possession of his mind, and the young school-boy was often praised for his close attention to his lessons, when, in truth, his thoughts were far away, distracted by conjectures concerning his hidden origin. Tears, bitter as those of a son's, rained down his cheek, when he first discovered his friend's corpse, among the heaps of the dead, on the battle-field ; and, at the Count's direction, saw it laid, with military honors, in their own family vault ; and although his parents clung to him, as if all the tendrils of their lives were bound in his, he could not rest contented, till he received their consent to visit the kind lady, who had been to him as a mother. He thanked the Countess, fervently, when she intrusted to his care a letter, entreating the now friendless widow to accompany Ulric home, and pass the remainder of her days with those on whom she had conferred so great an obligation.

“ Did she return, father ? ” asked Julia.

“ Yes ! no family connections bound her to Prague, and, in spite of some hesitation, she could not disappoint his loving protestations, when Ulric told her how happy he should be still to call her mother, till at last she consented to the latter's *earnest* request, and in a short time became an

inmate of the castle, where her drooping and much-tried spirits were soothed and made cheerful, by the sight of the happiness which her generous deed had produced."

"Poor Lilah! I wonder whether she ever saw her dear Ulric again?" exclaimed Mary Grey.

"No!" answered Mr. Seymour. "The tribe with which she was connected, still continued their roving habits, after their release from prison; and although the young heir of Shonburg made every inquiry after his early friend, and even entered with enthusiastic ardor into a futile project, which his Queen, Maria Theresa, conceived, namely, the idea of civilizing the numerous tribes of Gipsies who inhabit Hungary and Bohemia, he could never learn any tidings of his dear and kind-hearted Lilah; but, for her sake, no Gipsy was ever sent away unassisted from the hospitable castle of Shonburg."

When Mr. Seymour concluded, the children thanked him for his story, and Mary Grey whispered to Julia, "How I should like to see a Gipsy, and have my fortune told."

"No! do not indulge in such a wish," observed Mrs. Seymour. "Such prophecies would do you no good."

"Surely," exclaimed Mary, with a rising color, "you do not suppose me silly enough to credit what an ignorant old woman might tell me?"

"No! you would not quite believe her," replied her friend; "but trust me, Mary, there is a credulity in the human heart, which is too apt to

attach truth to spells and omens, such as may render one very unhappy. At another time, I will tell you a true story, concerning two dear friends of my early youth, who were set quite at variance by the dark and mischievous falsehoods of a fortune-teller. Several trifling circumstances of discord happened as the woman accidentally predicted ; and without waiting for any real breach of good faith, they allowed their superstitious feelings to influence them entirely, and for a long while afterwards regarded each other with distrust and suspicion."

Mary said she would very much like to hear all the circumstances at another time, and assured Mrs. Seymour, that since she thought it dangerous, she would never have her fortune told, if she had ever so good an opportunity.

The children then gathered around the tea-equipage, after having received the following lines, relating to the story which they had just heard.

"I see them in the green-wood dim,
That strange yet lovely pair,
The dark and sun-burnt Gipsy girl,
And Shonburg's youthful heir ;
The whole world to each other's hearts,
They wander'd hand in hand,
'Mongst birds and blossoms, leaves and trees,
Within the forest land.

"Alas ! the love of that young boy
Was all, that made her bear
Her hapless lot in life, so full
Of sickness, pain, and care :
And when with cold, harsh looks and words,
Her weary spirit paled,

The sight of him was aye a star,
Whose brightness never fail'd.

“Then who may tell the fix'd despair,
The agony of wo,
When, with a wild farewell, she turn'd
From her sweet charge to go ;
'My sun of life is set !' she sigh'd,
'I have naught left to love !'
And from her neck she raised him, where
He nestled like a dove.

“Another moment, and the girl
To her harsh kindred fled ;
With glassy eye, and cheek in which
Each hue of life was dead ;
Her black hair loose, her slender arms
Clasp'd listless on her breast,
While big, hot tears, unmark'd by her,
Fell on her gaudy vest.

“'Twas sad to see her ! yet think not
That from that parting hour,
She faded in her youth away,
Like an untended flower :
O ! no, the thought, that she had found
A home for that sweet boy,
Wrought, surely, in her after life,
A never-dying joy.

“'Tis ever thus ;—the darkest fate
Is not all dark and lone,
If conscience hoards in memory's cell
Some good we once have done ;
And though, to us, life's stormy sea
Seem but one clouded whole,
That *deed* will prove the olive branch,
Hope, to our ark, the soul.”

SIXTH EVENING.

As soon as the newspaper arrived on the next afternoon, Frank seized upon it before any other member of the family could take a peep at its contents ; and when his mother gently reproved his want of politeness, he excused himself by saying, that he was very anxious to know what was to be the subject of the great traveller Mr. Catherwood's next lecture, which he hoped to attend on the following evening.

His face brightened with pleasure, when he discovered that they would be entertained with an account of the famous city of Thebes, of which he longed to hear something, from a man who had stood on the very spot. But presently a shade of vexation passed over his features, and he exclaimed, with a sigh, " Ah ! mother, our New World, as they call it, has no antiquities to tempt travellers, like the wonderful cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum in Italy, which you lately read about, nor any great ruins, like old Thebes in Egypt, with its hundred gates."

" Hasten ! Frank," said his mother, quietly, " bring yonder atlas from the shelf, and perhaps I can show you something that will afford you pleasure."

" Now, mother, you are only joking," exclaim-

ed the boy, with a hearty laugh. "It was only a half hour ago, that I put away that atlas, because I was so tired of studying the difficult names of the branches of the Amazon, in South America, and now you bid me get hold of it again. No! no! not I, for I have bidden it a fair good-by until to-morrow."

"No matter, my son," replied Mrs. Seymour, "do as I bid you; and on my part I promise that you will not regret the few minutes I will spend with you, over its contents."

Frank saw that his mother was quite serious, and taking the atlas from its regular resting-place, he laid it on her knee, and then, seating himself on a stool at her feet, waited for what was to come.

"You just now regretted," observed Mrs. Seymour, "that we had no buried cities, standing 'silent and alone,' like far-famed Pompeii and Herculaneum, and no magnificent relic of gone-by times to invite travellers by its great antiquity, like the gigantic Thebes. Now look at this, and that, and here, and there," added she, pointing, as she spoke, to various places on the maps of North and South America, which are marked as spots containing the ruins of extensive cities, splendid palaces, immense and singular mounds, fortifications, and crumbling walls, whose antiquity is so great, that mankind can only speculate on their origin. "If you could travel over this vast extent of country," continued she, running her hand, as she spoke, from north to south, over the wide

region extending from the great lakes of North America, to the lower extremity of Peru in South America, and bounded on the east by the Alleghany Mountains, and on the west by the great Pacific, "you would no longer doubt an American's claims to antiquarian treasure, but your mind would be bewildered, and your curiosity excited, by the relics of a great and long-lost people, with which you would meet every where, till gone-by ages would seem brought back again, as you gazed on these striking memorials of your country's antiquity."

"Mother! tell me quickly all you know about it," exclaimed Frank, flushing with delighted surprise. "I am so glad to find that we Americans have something to be proud of, that I was not aware of. Here is one mark," added he, pointing to a particular part of the province of Chiapa. "Do you know what is to be seen there?"

"Yes!" replied his mother, "the ruins of a great and once populous city occupy that spot."

"What is its name?" inquired Frank.

"It is called 'the City of the Desert,' and, from the extensive remains of walls and fortifications discovered through the forests, by which it is overgrown, it must have been upwards of sixty miles in circumference, more than ten times larger than the city of New York, and probably containing a population of nearly three millions of inhabitants. No doubt it was the capital of some remote empire."

Frank opened his eyes wide, as he heard this

wonderful statement, and declared that, instead of visiting Egypt, as he had always intended, when he grew to manhood, he would not leave his own fine country, as every body was too apt to do, but would cross over to Mexico and Guatemala, and spend at least three months in looking about him.

“ Ah ! my boy,” exclaimed his mother, “ you would not get much wiser in that time, for one enthusiastic traveller, named Waldrick, crossed the Atlantic from Europe, and spent twelve long years in examining those monumental piles ; but, to my mind, they were almost so much time wasted, for he returned to his own country as ignorant of the certainty of their origin as the most uninformed among us could be. Of one thing he was, however, fully assured, and that was, that those immense buildings were of a great age, for some of the huge trees, which grew out of the masses of stone, were more than nine hundred years old, as he discovered.” ●

“ Ah ! mother, how could he possibly find out that, I wonder,” exclaimed Frank, “ unless he became acquainted with some old Hamadryad, like those that my queer ‘ Mythology ’ tells about, who always live in the oak, in which they were born. Perhaps he got some news from one of those strange creatures.”

“ No ! no ! Frank,” answered Mrs. Seymour. “ Natural History points out a certain way of discovering the age of trees. At your next opportunity, observe the many circular marks, which

are clearly to be seen, in the trunk of a newly-hewn oak, and remember to count each concentric circle, as one year of its existence."

"Hurrah, George," shouted the merry boy to his favorite companion, who just then entered. "You have often wanted to know the age of that famous oak, which hangs over your father's barn-yard, and now mother can tell you a way of finding it out."

The inquisitive George was soon at his friend's side, but when he received the information, although he resolved in his own mind to bring low some inferior inmates of the forest, yet my readers may rest assured, that he had no notion of disturbing a single branch of the reverend oak, in whose green shade he had sported during every spring since his infancy, and whose waving curtain of moss seemed more lovely to him, than the most graceful foliage of its younger neighbors.

Mrs. Seymour remarked the serious expression of his usually playful countenance, as he heard Frank's thoughtless proposal, and she kindly repeated Mrs. Hemans's touching lines to the fallen lime-tree, ending with these words :—

" But the gentle memories
 Clinging all to thee,
 When shall they be gather'd
 Round another tree ?
 O pride of our fathers ! O hallow'd tree !
 The crown of the hamlet is fallen in thee !"

George was much pleased with the sentiment, *because he fully felt its truth* ; and he grew quite

animated, as he related all that his grandfather had told him about their cherished oak. Its huge branches had afforded hiding-places to several soldiers of the Revolution, when they would have otherwise been murdered by the British troops ; a favorite silver urn, belonging to his family, was once hidden from their search in its large hollow ; it was the regular place, where their Christmas presents had been distributed to the numerous happy domestics, "and I hope," concluded he, "that it may stand, as long as I live."

The hour had now arrived for the perusal of a story, and when they had gathered around the table, Mr. Seymour read the following tale, selected by one of the girls, for the evening.

THE CAPTIVE PAIR.

A SPANISH TALE.

PERHAPS there is no time in the wide world's history, more filled with stirring and chivalrous deeds, than the particular period of a war, which took place in Spain, more than three hundred and fifty years ago.

Ferdinand and Isabella, the sovereigns of that country, were Christians, and it grieved them to see the beautiful kingdom of Granada, in the southern part of Spain, in the possession of infidels, by whom it had been conquered six hundred

years before ; and although none of the Spanish kings had ever been able to wrest it again from their hands, after a long and bloody struggle, this royal pair succeeded in winning it back from the Moors, and the blessed Cross was once more planted, where the Crescent had so long held its ground.

“ The Crescent and the Cross are the symbols of the Mohammedan and Christian religions, are they not ? ” inquired Henry.

“ Exactly so, ” replied his father. “ You may suppose that it was a severe contest, when I tell you, that both nations were brave, fierce, and entirely devoted to their opposite creeds ; both were accustomed to muscular exercises ; and, although the Moors were somewhat feebler than their rivals, from the excessive use of the warm bath, yet they were so light and nimble-footed, and handled their cimeters and bows so dexterously, that the Spaniards gained little advantage through their strength of frames.

“ When you are somewhat older, my young friends, you will take great pleasure in reading the account of this famous war, which I have chosen from the long annals of Spanish history, as the most interesting for the groundwork of the tale I am about to relate. ”

It was a beautiful evening in 1483, and perhaps there was not a more lovely spot in Spain, than the beautiful villa of Rio Verde, situated about two miles from the Spanish town of Antiquera. *It was always a favorite country-seat of Ponce de*

Leon, Marquis of Cadiz ; but on this particular evening it looked more charming than ever, for this bravest noble of King Ferdinand's court had just returned from a bloody conflict against a Moorish town not far distant ; and, although his spirit was almost wearied with the restless life he had been leading, and he longed to pass a few quiet months with his beloved wife and family, yet he was obliged to set off on the next morning for a fresh skirmish, because he knew that it was his duty to give up every domestic comfort for the sake of his king, and, far more, for the glory of his God.

The situation of the villa was truly romantic. It was almost hidden in a grove of orange-trees, which, in that southern climate, bear their produce in all stages. Some branches were breaking down with the ripe, golden fruit, on others it was still quite green, while every here and there, in some sheltered nook, might be seen clusters of the odoriferous and delicate white flowers. Luxuriant vines hung from trees to trees, breaking down with purple grapes, and the bursting pomegranates sprinkled their thick foliage as if with drops of blood. The family mansion, like most of the buildings in Spain, was a rough stone structure without, but within all was refinement and tasteful luxury. The marble floors of the principal saloons were kept cool by sparkling fountains of water, which played continually over pavements formed in squares of different-colored stones, thus giving refreshment to huge jars of indigenous and

foreign plants, whose blossoms filled the air with perfume. The walls were of foreign woods, inlaid in fanciful patterns, and almost covered with rich silken curtains, manufactured in the city of Valencia, which, surrounded as it is by mulberry-trees, which afford the nourishment suitable for silk-worms, carried on an extensive trade in that costly article. Large Venetian mirrors filled occasional spaces in the walls, making the apartments appear infinitely larger.

“No wonder that the Marquis hated to leave his beautiful home,” exclaimed Alice; “I could live for ever in such a place. But tell us something, sir, about his family.”

“Cheer up! Margareta,” said Ponce de Leon to his wife, as the big tears rolled down her face, when he gave his parting commands, for the night, to a faithful soldier in waiting; and bade him draw up his troops in a distant field, at early sunrise, on the morrow. “Be of good courage, wife, for soon shall yonder road, winding among the mountains, be gladdened again by my return, and the proud and noble dames of Cadiz shall envy thee the costly spoils of silks and jewels, which I will bring thee back from the war.”

The beautiful lady’s heart was full of sorrow, but she answered her husband cheerfully, as they stood together on the marble terrace, and gazed on the extensive prospect around. On one side, a thick wood of olive, chestnut, pine, and cork, formed a dark back-ground to a silvery *thicket of orange-trees, flooded with moonbeams;*

on the other hand stretched an extensive valley, dotted with country-seats, separated from one another by verdant fields and arrowy rivulets, while, for a majestic frame-work, rose the snow-topped mountains, like shadowy spectres in the distance.

“If it please you, summon our young nephews,” said the Marchioness to her husband, “for I this morning finished the silken banner, embroidered with the device of our house, and it would give me pleasure to see them unfurl it in my presence.”

“The Virgin’s blessing on thy loyal heart, Margaretta,” answered Ponce de Leon; “thine industry well deserves such reward.” So saying, he took up a small silver trumpet, and called his young relatives from a neighboring court-yard, where, with their companions, they were trying a mimic fight with their lances. The gay youths obeyed the summons, and offered their fervent gratitude to their kind aunt, as, with proud bearing, they shook the splendid banner wide open, until its embroidered gold and silver glittered in the moonbeams.

But there was one among the group that entered, who seemed to take but a small part in their happiness. Half buried in the silken curtain of the window, stood a delicate boy, scarcely sixteen years of age. He was the favorite page of the Marquis of Cadiz, who had taken him, when an infant orphan, under his protection, and his youth and beauty made him a general favorite among the Spanish nobility.

In the hurry and bustle of the day, his sadness had passed unnoticed ; but as the two light-hearted young men talked gayly of the fresh service in which they were about to enter, they were startled by a loud sob from the casement, and before they could inquire the cause, Juan rushed towards the Marchioness, and, throwing himself at her feet, besought her to allow him to attend his master to the war.

There was a mixture of dignity and decision in the boy's regular features, and his pale, clear olive complexion deepened to a crimson blush, as, gazing with his dark loving eyes on his mistress's face, he pressed his suit with graceful earnestness.

"Nay ! foolish boy," replied the Marchioness. "Is it not enough that I must give up my lord, and yonder two, who are even as my children, and would my pretty plaything leave me also ? No ! no !" said she, sighing, "this war must not take all the jewels of my house."

"Ah ! lady, I would die for thee," exclaimed the boy, passionately, "but it is for thy sake that I would go and watch over my master's safety, among these boastful infidels," and as he spoke the long lashes rested on his cheek, and big tears streamed through the closed lids.

"I feared as much," said the lady, "I feared all this, my lord, when I saw Juan so busily engaged in trying the blade of thy keen cimeter. But be ready, my bold boy, for it shall never be *said of Ponce de Leon's wife*, that, in her faint-

heartedness, she kept one brave arm from the war, fought for the Virgin and the blessed child.”

Joy and gratitude flashed in Juan's eyes, as, springing from his knees, he forgot his Spanish dignity, and kissed his noble mistress on either cheek.

The next morning all was hurry and bustle, and although the parting with his wife was very sad, yet Ponce de Leon's heart swelled with delight, when he marked his gallant little army, as, mounted on superb steeds, they pranced out of Antiquera, dressed in glittering and costly armor ; with their waving plumes of feathers tossing over their helmets, and their gay, silken banners floating in the morning breeze. Many a Spanish matron wept with pride, as she bade farewell to her youthful sons or her brave husband ; but Margarretta's soul was too sad for exultation, and as she sat in her high tower, and caught the last glimpse of the princely band, as they took their winding way along the mountains, she fell on her knees before the crucifix, and prayed God to protect and bless them.

I will not enter into a particular account of the march, which occupied several days, but you may imagine how fatiguing it was, when I tell you, that sometimes they were obliged to scramble from rock to rock, down frightful declivities, where the nimble goats could scarcely keep footing ; sometimes they marched through dark and dismal swamps and ravines, where their horses could hardly find room to pass, and where they were

often surprised by the Moorish peasants, who took possession of the cliffs above, and wounded and killed them by throwing down darts and stones in rapid succession.

One night, after a most wearisome day, they reached a narrow valley, surrounded by precipices, which seemed to touch the skies ; and on which blazed the alarm-fires of the Moors, who stood in crowds on every summit, looking like evil demons, as they raised their turbaned heads to the sky, waving their shining spears aloft, and with loud shouts giving notice of the approach of the Spanish army.

There was no time for escape—no way of retreat ; and, calling his friends and followers together, the Marquis of Cadiz bade them fight, like brave men, for their God and their King. Juan kept close at his master's side, but when the good Ponce de Leon looked on his slight and graceful form, and remembered how dearly his wife loved the pretty orphan, he took him by the hand, and stroking him fondly on the head, bade him, in brief words, enter a natural grotto, under the hanging rock, where he might safely hide until the battle was over.

Juan was a fearless boy, and would have gladly remained with his friend ; but when he saw how many dying and wounded warriors were stretched helplessly around him, the thought that his master might be soon in the same mournful condition, with none to bind up his wounds, rushed to his *mind*, and, without hesitation, he concealed him-

self in the vine-covered crevice, waiting the moment when he could really benefit his noble friend.

Although it was midnight, he could distinguish every face among the rival troops, by the light of the beacon-fires, which burned so brightly above them ; and you may suppose with what an effort the youth mastered his agitation, as he stood at the mouth of the cave, and gazed on the fierce struggle around him.

How long the time seemed ! He thought they would never grow weary of fighting ; but hope still lingered, so long as he saw his master's white plume waving every where, in the thickest of the fight.

The Christians fell dead by hundreds, beneath the certain arrows of the Moors, till at length the brave Ponce de Leon was left with but the aid of a few faithful followers. Just then, a fresh band of Moslems came rushing down the mountain, a well-thrown lance wounded the Marquis's noble horse, so severely that it fell dead beneath its rider, while an arrow, shot by a bleeding yet resolute mountaineer, inflicted a deep gash in Ponce de Leon's temple, from which the life-blood gushed so copiously, as to deprive him of sight, and left him staggering and bewildered.

He would have been obliged to yield, if Juan, regardless of danger, had not just then rushed forward, struck the wounded Moor to the ground, and seizing a panting horse by the bridle, as it ran wildly past without a rider, exclaimed, as he held the stirrup, " Save yourself, my master ! fly for the sake of your beloved lady. I will escape to the grotto."

His words acted like a talisman on Ponce de Leon's half-stunned brain ; for, at the mention of his wife, he leaped on the fiery steed, which struck sparks from the flinty rock, as it rushed rapidly down the valley, till, at length, it reached the extremity of the mountain defile. Alas ! the devoted page was not so fortunate in his escape as his master ; for, as he hurried back to the grotto, his arm was seized by a tall Moor, who declared him his prisoner in Allah's name ; and, loaded with chains and surrounded by armed men, he was conducted, with hundreds of other captives, to a Moorish town among the mountains, called Ronda, where he was confined in a solitary cell.

When the wounded and heart-sick Marquis reached home, his wife's first question, after her affectionate embrace, was, "For God's sake, tell me, where are my nephews and Juan ?" It was a bitter and soul-rending inquiry to the unhappy nobleman, and big tears streamed down his manly cheek, and his voice was husky with despair, as he told her, that he had left his young and noble relatives corpses on the battle-field, and that he had abandoned his beloved page, in a moment of bewildering suffering, to his fate, when he had just afforded the means of saving his master's life.

There were mourning and lamentation in many a Spanish home, on the sad day of their disastrous return ; but nowhere did the arrow of grief rankle more keenly, than among the broken-hearted band of Ponce de Leon's household, which so *lately* had echoed the noise and laughter of merry.

and thoughtless youth. The Marchioness sat among her maidens, with her full, black eyes dim with weeping, her long, silken hair hanging in disordered and unbraided tresses round a face pale and wan as marble, and although she sought the aid of religious consolations, it would not, at first, entirely subdue her grief.

“I long to hear something of Juan,” exclaimed Frank; “do, father, tell us what became of him.”

When the prisoners reached Ronda, poor Juan was so completely overcome with distress and hunger, besides the weight of the heavy chains which shackled him, that he fell, half dead, at the door of a Moorish mansion, situated in the principal street. The vulgar throng, who followed the Christian captives with abuse and imprecations, did not attempt to afford him any relief, and death would have probably ensued, if a young Moorish maiden, who had witnessed the whole scene from the terraced roof of her dwelling, forgetful of national hatred, in the kindly emotions of blessed sympathy, had not hurried down from the balcony, and, filling an urn of water from the sparkling fountain of the court, rushed out, and sprinkled its contents over the friendless boy's face, pouring, at the same time, a few drops of the refreshing liquid into his pale lips.

This natural cordial revived him, and, with a languid glance of gratitude, he half opened his eyes, and thanked his benefactress, when she presented him a cup of wine, brought by a slave, at her command. The whole was the work of a

few minutes ; but Juan's ardent heart, like some clear, crystal mirror, received a perfect likeness of the gentle maiden. The rich beauty of her rounded cheek ; the full lips, dyed as with the ruby tint of the pomegranate ; the voice, soothing as the song of a nightingale ; the tender expression of the down-cast eyes, soft as some twilight star ; the dark cloud of silken hair escaping from its gay head-dress, and the whole graceful contour of her girlish form, none of these passed unadmired or unnoticed by the grateful boy. Alas ! he little deemed under what unhappy circumstances they would meet again.

When the captives reached the prison, many of them were confined in dark and noisome dungeons where daylight never entered ; but, in consequence of Juan's extreme youth, he was conveyed to a small cell above ground ; which, although destitute of every comfort, was yet free from subterranean damp.

On the first night of his arrival, he was so completely overcome with fatigue, that he soon wept himself to sleep, and reposed tranquilly until the next morning, when he was aroused by the harsh grating of a neighboring bolt, and the tones of a girlish voice, apparently in deep distress.

The Marquis of Cadiz was a protector of women on all occasions, and an injured female never applied to him in vain for redress. His dependents copied the example of their excellent master ; and when Juan heard the earnest entreaties and *supplications* which broke from the adjacent cell,

his blood boiled in his veins, and, forgetful of his own sorrows, he looked round the apartment, and wrung his hands, when he discovered that there was no way of going to the stranger's assistance.

The cell, in which he was confined, contained only one window, looking on the dismal walls of the prison, which was of great extent. For the admission of light and air, a grating had been inserted in the wall which divided it from the next apartment, and, although it was very high, Juan determined to gain the ascent, and thus be able to afford, at least, companionship in misery to the unknown occupant.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mary Grey, "the poor girl would not find much comfort in seeing the face of an utter stranger."

"You are mistaken, my dear," replied Mrs. Seymour; "even the vicinity of an animal is, at such times, a real blessing, and I have read of captives, who made friends of spiders, and watched their quiet labors with interest, from day to day, as they spun web after web, on the dungeon walls."

"Yes!" said George, with animation, "you are right, Mrs. Seymour, and I remember reading a delightful book, called the 'Memoirs of Baron Trenck,' where he gives an account of the pleasant hours he spent, while in prison, in feeding some favorite mice, which, instead of running away from him, as those cunning fellows generally do from man, used to come out of their hiding-

places, at regular hours, and play like little children around him."

"I am so glad, father!" exclaimed Julia, "when I think that our country's friend, good old Lafayette, was not obliged to be amused with spiders and mice, when they threw him into the dismal prison of Olmutz, in Austria, which you told me about lately, but had his dear wife with him, for company. But let us hear how Juan succeeded."

After looking in every direction for some implement, he at last perceived that one of the iron bars of the window had become loosened by time; and after laboring at it for some hours, he was rewarded by drawing it from the casement. Mental or corporeal exertion affords a relief to the torpid silence and weariness of a prison, and when Juan succeeded in his design, he looked as full of happiness as if he had regained his liberty. With the aid of the bar, he slowly removed the mortar from the rough bricks which formed the partition, and, thanks to his youthful agility, was soon able to scramble up the broken wall, and at last reached the iron grating, which, being inserted on the other side, allowed him a narrow yet safe seat.

Who can imagine his distress and surprise, when, on looking into the adjoining cell, he discovered the beautiful Moorish maiden, who had afforded the means of preserving his life, when he sank fainting in the street of Ronda. Alarmed from her stupor of despair, by the loud noise which *he made in the progress of his labor*, she now knelt

in speechless terror on the ground, with her slender hands clasped upon her breast, her dark hair fallen loose from its veil, and her soft, large eyes, raised like a fawn's, in tearful entreaty, as she seemed waiting for some new and unforeseen danger.

I should love to see a Southern artist, who has already admirably conceived and executed a difficult prison-scene, lend his ready pencil to sketch out this picture, when, after the first glance of recognition, the youthful pair gazed speechlessly into each other's face—the whole light of her cell's solitary window shed fully on the kneeling girl, as her sad countenance grew suddenly radiant amid its tearfulness, like a sunbeam escaping from the prisoning cloud; while in the dark back-ground no feature of Juan's could be distinguished, save his inquiring eyes, made clear by love, and sorrow, and amazement, beyond the iron grating, and one white arm thrown forward, as if to aid him in expressing his surprise.

“It would form a touching representation for a ‘living picture,’ and, at some future evening, I will try if one particular dark-eyed friend of ours will act the Moorish maiden,” observed Mrs. Seymour. “But continue your story.”

For some moments they were both silent, until Juan exclaimed, “For Heaven's sake, maiden! tell me what chance has brought you to this hapless condition?” Irene, for that was the girl's name, was so convulsed with grief, that she could not, at first, utter a word; but when she had somewhat stifled her sobs, she related how she

had been rudely torn from her aged grandfather, who was her only relative, and led that morning to prison, on charge of treason, because, in her compassion, she had offered some slight refreshment to the captive youth, on the preceding day. "But weep not, Christian!" she added, mournfully, when she saw Juan bury his face in his hands, as if in acute agony. "Fear not for me! deliverance must come! For Allah forbid, that God should forsake her, who only gave a drop of cold water to one, who seemed ready to perish."

For some time, Juan's quivering limbs betrayed his internal distress; but at length he exclaimed, "Thou hast saved my life, poor maiden! and how hast thou been rewarded? Alas! by being thrown into a lonely and dismal prison."

Irene's voice was low and soothing, and she told so cheerfully of her hope of speedy release, that, by degrees, Juan recovered from his spell of despair; and, as he gazed on the eloquent face of the injured girl, he forgot that she was one of his country's foes, and, with sudden animation, vowed by the blessed Virgin, that if he were ever set free, he would spend his last drop of blood in her service; and though every other Moor were torn piecemeal, she should be to him as a cherished and beloved sister.

I will throw a veil over the many days passed by the captives in their dismal cells, till one morning, when Juan was awakened by shrieks from Irene's apartment, and on gaining the iron grating, *he was* distressed to see her lying on the mat,

tearing her hair from her head, beating her breast, and giving way to the most violent affliction.

In broken accents, she told him, that at her earnest entreaties, the jailer had at last informed her, that her grandfather had died of sorrow, shortly after her removal to prison ; and she had hardly disclosed the sad truth, before she fell back fainting on her couch.

In the phrensy of despair, Juan grasped the iron grating which separated him from the sufferer, and shook it with such unwonted strength, that one of the bars gave way, and he fell to the ground, bearing with him a good deal of brick and mortar, together with a small roll of parchment, enclosing a crucifix, which was most probably concealed in the aperture long before, by some unhappy Christian priest, for the prisons of Ronda had been long a favorite hiding-place for the Spanish captives.

When the youth recovered from the stunning effects of his fall, and had answered the soft voice of Irene, as she inquired whether he was hurt, the first object which greeted his returning senses, was the glittering symbol of his faith, half concealed by the time-worn manuscript. With a shriek of delight, he seized the sacred treasure, and on unrolling the parchment, discovered that it was a portion of the blessed Scriptures, which had been daily taught him since his early childhood, but whose value he never fully felt before that moment.

A new thought entered his mind : it was the hope of converting the Moorish orphan to Christianity ; and when, with difficulty, he once more

gained the grating, Irene was startled from her sorrow, as she gazed on his noble features, lit up by the joyous hope which animated his soul.

“Irene!” exclaimed he, “thy Prophet has deserted thee in thy distress; but the God whom I worship, never forgets his children; and see! He has sent me this blessed book, to comfort and make thee happy.”

The Moor gazed wildly on the youthful speaker, and her face grew deadly pale, as she heard him thus accuse the holy Prophet, whom her fathers revered; but when he softly read such passages as these, “Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest;” “My yoke is easy, and my burden light,” &c., the tears streamed from her eyes, and, falling on her knees, she prayed God to forgive her, if she erred in listening to the Christian’s book.

Every morning and evening now found Juan at his post, reading aloud favorite portions of the Scriptures, which he loved more than ever, because they served to comfort the poor maiden. At length she became so inspired by the light of Christianity, that she would entreat him to tell her, over and over again, of the promises of Christ, and, in turn, repeated parts of the Koran, which is the book of faith left the Mussulmans, by Mohammed, till a smile of belief would kindle her pale features, as Juan compared the two passages, and pointed out the superiority of the Christian doctrine over that of the Infidels.

It would have been a touching sight to see those

young and enthusiastic beings, as they thus unfolded their pious feelings ; but Juan's arguments prevailed, and the timid but ingenuous Irene, at length, declared herself ready to become a follower of the humble and suffering Jesus.

Many months passed away, and although the captives were often startled by the deep thunder of artillery, and the noise as of falling walls, yet they never saw a human being, who could afford them any information ; for the hard-hearted jailer, who supplied them with food, scarcely looked into their cells, before he pushed the heavy bolts back into the rusty sockets.

One morning, the sound of a cannonade shook even the walls of the prison ; tower after tower was heard tumbling in the distance ; the only peep at the sky, which their casements afforded, showed it obscured by the smoke, which arose from the flaming houses, kindled by means of balls of tow, steeped in pitch, oil, and gun-powder, that, once set on fire, can never be extinguished. Cries, wailings, and yells of despair and fury were heard, between the thunders of the cannon, the roll of drums, and clang of trumpets, mingled with the Moorish cry of war ; while far above all, awaking a delicious thrill of ecstasy in Juan's breast, rose the loud and ringing shout of Santiago ! Santiago ! (meaning St. Jago, the patron saint of Spain,) as the victorious Spaniards pursued the wretched inhabitants to the very centre of their city.

Presently, the doors of Ronda's strongest prison were thrown open ; the noise of armed men

re-echoed through the long passages, as the victors threw bolt after bolt aside, and hailed the release of the astonished captives, with shouts and rejoicing ; while the prisoners, on their part, embraced one another, and wept like children, as they met once more, face to face. When Juan and Irene were taken from their respective cells, they were so overcome by excitement, that they fell fainting into each other's arms.

The first care of the good Marquis of Cadiz, on getting possession of Ronda, was to deliver the unfortunate prisoners from the dungeons. As he led along an old man, half naked, and with his white beard reaching to his waist, he was startled by a familiar cry, and in the next moment, his long-lost Juan sprang to meet him, and, falling on his breast, gave way to an agony of love and joy.

Ponce de Leon had made inquiries, in every direction, concerning his beloved page ; and his care-worn features and streaming eyes told how much he had mourned his loss, and how deeply he now felt this unexpected meeting. For some minutes, he gave way, in embraces, to the feelings of his heart ; but when he noticed the rattling of Juan's chains, he stamped with fury, as he assisted the soldiers in removing these degrading tokens of servitude.

" Irene !" was the first word which burst from the youth's quivering lips, as, springing from his master's arms, he rushed to the maiden, threw back the veil which concealed her features, as she *stood, in mournful loneliness, among so many*

curious strangers, and, leading her to the Marquis, placed her hand in his, as he sobbed aloud, "She is a Christian! She once saved my life! let her be to you as a daughter!"

The noble-minded Spaniard lifted the trembling girl from the ground, where she knelt, and kissed her forehead tenderly yet respectfully, as he vowed before his God, that he would be both friend and parent to the beautiful Moor.

I will not describe all the rapture of the meeting between Juan and his beloved mistress, when they reached Cordova, nor how the stately yet affectionate Spanish lady opened her heart to the converted maiden, and promised to be all that a mother could be.

Juan and Irene were publicly presented at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, where they were received with the most marked and flattering expressions of favor; and, in the course of a few following weeks, the Queen's chapel at Cordova echoed with a gush of triumphant music, as a long and glittering procession entered, headed by the Marquis and Marchioness of Cadiz, leading between them the thoughtful and beautiful Irene, who, on this day, in presence of the entire court, and, most of all, before the eyes of the delighted and loving Juan, was to receive the holy rite of Christian baptism.

As Mr. Seymour concluded the above story, the children united in thanking him for the entertainment it had afforded them, and several pencils

were speedily produced, by the boys, to draw the likeness, as they said, of the pretty Moorish maiden. None, however, succeeded well enough to excite admiration, and they finished by laughing, merrily, over their own unmeaning performances.

George, as usual, asked many questions, on doubtful or difficult points ; and, as he waited to learn the fate of the Moslems of Spain, his eyes moistened, when his friend informed him, that the Spanish sovereigns gained, at last, every inch of ground in beautiful and fertile Granada, and that its brave and devoted inhabitants, after yielding up all their possessions in money, were at length compelled to bid farewell to the land of the orange and the pomegranate, and took a sad refuge, beneath the burning sun, and within the sandy plains, of inhospitable Africa.

George said, that nothing would please him more, than to read the whole detail of the celebrated war of the Moors and Spaniards, and his friend smiled with pleasure, as he handed him a beautiful edition of Irving's well-written 'Conquest of Granada ;' a book which, he observed, would stand the severest test of criticism, and which he had several times read, with the allowable pride of a true American. "Keep it as long as you choose, George," added his friend ; "and rest assured, that you have some delightful hours in store until its perusal."

The group, who had gathered around Mrs. Seymour, now recalled the attention of their absent *companion* to the sheet of paper, which she smil-

ngly drew from her work-basket, and on which he following lines were written, as an accompaniment to the tale just finished.

Gay Summer laid her loveliest spell
On Granada's delicious bowers,
When the sad Moslems bade farewell
Unto that Araby of flowers,
And gazed in anguish wild, yet vain,
On scenes, they ne'er should see again.

Rich were the Spaniards' spoils ; red gold,
Pure gems, that flashed within the shade,
Fine, silken robes, of price untold,
Full urns of oil, with perfume weighed,
And silver mirrors, made more bright
By fragrant lamps, that beamed with light.

And then their palaces ;—each hall
Echoed a low, sweet, dreamy sigh,
As fountains bathed with ceaseless fall
Pavements of blue and porphyry,
While all that luxury could win,
To charm each sense, was found therein.

It was a paradise on earth,
That Southern land, with bloom o'errun,
But one young heart, of Spanish birth,
Deemed that his God and King had won
A prize, within that empire wide,
Worth more, far more, than all beside.

And well might Juan count her so,
That maiden, who, for Jesus' sake,
Was ready to renounce her low
Yet time-taught creed, and on her take
The yoke of Him, her kindred scorned,
Though with all heavenly grace adorned.

For, though the universe heap up
Stores from the present, future, past,

Though in some huge, unmeasured cup,
The wealth of land and sea be cast,
Yet one pure, contrite, Christian soul
Would balance, aye ! outweigh the whole.

SEVENTH EVENING.

No one can imagine a gayer group of faces, than the three boys presented the next evening, when, accompanied by Mr. Seymour, who was always eager to afford his children every rational pleasure, they returned, full of animation, from witnessing that most stirring spectacle, a boat-launch.

It had been a cloudless and delicious Spring afternoon ; the wharves were crowded with people, among whom they recognized a good many of their favorite school-fellows ; the boat glided from the stocks, in the most graceful and stately manner imaginable, till, at one plunge, it found its fitting element ; ever after to

“ Walk the waters, like a thing of life.”

When they reached Mrs. Seymour's, where the girls had already assembled, they had become so noisy with excitement, that she laughingly stopped her ears, as they all talked in a breath together. At last, George exclaimed, with emphasis, “ Well ! I think the one, who gave the first idea of a ship, discovered a glorious invention. Pray, sir, can you tell me, where the first vessel was launched ?”

“ Stop !” exclaimed his friend ; “ you need not ask that question, George, for you yourself

can answer it. Look back into the long ages of antiquity."

"In the time of the Greeks, or Romans, sir?" inquired George.

"As far back as you can," observed his friend, "before Roman or Greek had 'a local habitation, or a name,' and tell me, where you recollect to find mention of a vessel, large enough to give shelter to man, as well as to bird and beast, of every species."

"O! Sir," exclaimed the boy, with a deep blush, "how foolish I was, to forget *Noah's Ark*. To be sure, that was the first vessel ever built."

"Probably it was," replied Mr. Seymour, "but not certainly; for even before that period, light canoes, of the most simple form, may have been designed by the busy mind of man."

"But would you call the Ark a human invention?" inquired George.

"That is a discriminating question," observed his friend; "and you are right, if you regard it as the work of inspiration, for the power of the great Ruler of all worlds first communicated to Noah's mind a knowledge of its fitting plan; and that one fact has always given, to my mind, a nobleness to ship-building, beyond all other sciences; since it affords a settled proof of that paternal mercy, which, even when men had become corrupt, and forgetful of religious truth, still devised a plan for rescuing a small portion of our race from the destruction soon after occasioned by the *general Deluge*."

“ I have never regarded ship-building in so interesting a light, before,” remarked Mrs. Seymour, “and shall always take more pleasure hereafter, in viewing a fine vessel.”

“ I suppose there were no sails to the Ark,” observed Frank.

“ From the prints we see of that ancient fabric,” answered his father, “ it seems to have resembled a flat, with several stories ; and, from the account given in Scripture, it must have been heavy and commodious. Sails were probably invented long afterwards, when commerce had taken rise among nations, and the sea-bird flew on extended wings.”

“ What nation took the lead in navigation, in modern times ?” asked George.

“ The Spaniards and Genoese seem to have been the most adventurous,” answered Mr. Seymour ; “ and some of you must remember, well, the intrepid fearlessness with which a certain navigator let loose his sails, in quest of a ‘ New World.’ ”

“ To be sure,” exclaimed Henry, proudly, “ the smallest boy knows all about Columbus, and how much he had to endure, before the frightened sailors would assist him to manage his vessel, when they found themselves in the midst of a watery ocean. O ! I was so glad that the eclipse happened at the right time ! for, if Columbus had been starved, for want of food, as he would have been, if his prophecy of the eclipse had not been fulfilled, as he told the savages, perhaps America would have never been discovered. Do you think *it would, father ?*”

“A fine thought, my dear boy, that the most awful phenomenon of Nature was brought to man’s aid, at that particular period. But,” added Mr. Seymour, “I cannot but believe that some other mind would have been equally as inquisitive, if Columbus had not succeeded; for, in every age, there are a few master spirits, that seem sent into the world, to form the main-spring, as it were, of the period in which they live.”

“I should like to be such a one,” exclaimed George, with great earnestness. “It would be a proud thing to be a world-finder, as they called Christopher Columbus.”

“And who knows, my dear boy,” observed Mr. Seymour, “but that, with your inquiring mind, men may yet point to George Somers, as one of earth’s blessings? You are yet in the spring-time of youth, your faculties are all fresh, and ready for action; your facilities for knowledge are unbounded; books are increasing every day around you; learning is becoming continually more respectable; and the lad, in the most retired walks of life, is stimulated to exertion by the examples of the many, who have risen, from utter obscurity, to the most elevating and ennobling stations in society. No American boy, in particular, should be idle, when he sees the vast resources which his young, but glorious, country opens to his industrious energies. Commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, all present vast fields, for the further tillage of active minds and warm hearts. *Can- not you mention a few, who have been thus priv-*

pledged to bestow light and happiness on their fellow-creatures ?”

“ Our own Washington was such a one, when he worked out the idea of a free and independent government,” observed George.

“ Sir Humphrey Davy was such a one, when he first discovered the safety-lamp ; by which hundreds, aye, perhaps thousands, of lives, have been preserved,” added Frank.

“ Now, Henry, can you mention any ?” asked Mr. Seymour, of his son.

“ Fulton, the inventor of the steam-boat in North America, and the failure of whose first experiment you told us of this afternoon, was a truly great man,” observed Henry, after a short pause ; “ and I think, father, that I will add *him* to the list.”

“ Very well ! my boy,” exclaimed Mr. Seymour. “ He well deserves all praise, for the perseverance with which he overcame every obstacle.”

“ I will choose the inventor of printing for my hero,” said Mary ; “ for, if it had not been for him, we should not have such beautiful volumes on our centre tables, as this ; and, as she spoke, the smiling girl lifted a gayly-bound Annual from the place where it had laid.

“ Now Alicé, can you think of any one ?” inquired Mr. Seymour.

Alice had sat, gazing on the evening star, and feeling quite puzzled, as she waited her turn, in silence. After a short pause, she exclaimed,

“ Ah ! now I have one. Sir Isaac Newton, the philosopher of the Universe, was greater than any ; and, if you choose, sir, I will repeat a few lines which I lately learned about him.”

Mr. Seymour assented, with pleasure, and the blushing Alice recited the following extract, very correctly.

“ He took his ardent flight
Through the blue infinite, and every star
Which the clear concave of a winter’s night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
Far stretching, snatches from the dark abyss ;
Or such as further, in successive skies,
To fancy, shine alone ; at his approach
Blazed into suns, the living centre, each,
Of an harmonious system :—”

“ Thank you, dear,” said Mrs. Seymour, as Alice ended ; “ your lines are very *a propos*,* with yonder silvery planet shining down on us, as it does. I wonder whether that far-off world can boast such another pleasant evening circle as ours. How beautiful it is !”

“ Ah ! mamma,” said Julia, with a sigh, “ I long to look on the starry heavens again ; and now that I am blind, I cannot help thinking, what a blessing the invention of spectacles must have been, to the poor, old people, who were, before that period, obliged to sit, from morning till night, without occupation. How much patience it must have required.”

“ Yes ! daughter,” replied Mrs. Seymour ;

* To the purpose.

“they must indeed have needed the light and strength, which the religion of Jesus alone can give, to support them through those long and mournful hours of inactivity and weariness; and we ought never to forget the many sources of happiness, which are every day increasing. But see,” she added, pointing to the clock, “we are spending the hour usually given to your father’s story. Perhaps it will be better to postpone conversation to another time.”

“Ah! yes,” exclaimed the children, “we must not miss a single evening;” and so saying, they seated themselves around the table, when Mr. Seymour read the following tale.

THE GOLDEN ARROW.

A RUSSIAN TALE.

It was a glad holiday in St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, on one bright morning in the month of April, 1711. The streets of the city were crowded with inhabitants, all pressing to the banks of the beautiful Neva, whose waters are esteemed the best in Europe, and which was now covered with every variety of boats, containing people of all ages, and both sexes, who had come to witness some uncommon spectacle.

The reigning Czar,* Peter the Great, one of

* The Emperor of Russia is generally called the Czar. The Empress is called Czarina.

the most remarkable sovereigns who ever lived, and certainly the most distinguished in the long line of Russian Emperors, took great interest in the increase of his navy, which had been entirely neglected during the reigns of his predecessors. He was very indefatigable in every enterprise, which he undertook. When travelling through his dominions, some years previously, he saw at a small village, near Moscow, a little boat, of a different construction from any built by his own shipwrights, which, on inquiry, proved to have been made by a Dutch workman. He made so many improvements on this simple model, which had pleased him greatly, that, in the course of twenty years, he was able to boast a fleet of twenty-one men-of-war, that rode on the inland waters of the Baltic sea. Peter felt so grateful for the first impulse which this humble vessel had given him, toward the construction of his navy, that, after a long lapse of years, he ordered the boat to be brought from the distant village, and appointed the above-mentioned day, for a grand public entertainment, which he called the consecration of 'the Little Grandsire.'

"Ah! father, I suppose that was the name given to the small boat, which pleased Peter so much," exclaimed Henry.

"Exactly so," replied Mr. Seymour.

Early in the morning, the 'Little Grandsire' was launched, and the Emperor took his seat at the helm, while three great Russian admirals, and the *Czar's* favorite, prince Menzikoff, handled the

oars ; for no common sailors were allowed to assist in managing a vessel, where royalty steered.

“ And hard work enough, they found it, I’ll warrant,” said George ; “ for I tried rowing, when I went with my father to Sullivan’s Island, last Summer, and at the first pull, I was almost overboard. No doubt, those who were chosen were sorry enough, for I do not think the Emperor knew much about managing a boat.”

“ You mistake, George,” replied his friend. “ Peter the Great was so desirous of obtaining information on every subject which could add to the prosperity of his empire, that he left Russia, and travelled through several different countries, which had made greater advances than his own, towards civilization and the useful arts. He spent several months in London and its neighborhood, for the purpose of inspecting the King’s dockyards ; and he was almost daily on the Thames, in a small decked-boat, taking Menzikoff, and three or four others of his suite, to work the vessel, while he himself acted as helmsman ; for, by this practice, he said, he should be able to teach them how to manage ships, when they got home.”

Although it was hard labor, probably many a haughty noble envied Menzikoff and his companions, as they sat at their master’s side, on this beautiful morning, amid the admiring gaze of a multitude of people.

The twenty-one men-of-war had been arranged in the form of a crescent, at Cronstadt, the principal station of the Russian navy, which is at

some distance from St. Petersburg, and which the Emperor had selected as the most secure situation for a dock-yard. As the old boat made a circuit in the gulf, the new and beautiful fleet advanced to meet it ; and, as it passed by, one after another, they struck their flags, and saluted it with their guns, while 'the Little Grandsire' returned each by a discharge of its three small pieces.

After several hours' display on the water, the Czar turned the boat in the direction of St. Petersburg, and it was a beautiful sight to see the long procession of twenty-one vessels, as they followed it in the distance, with their snowy sails half-hoisted, as if in reverence, and looking like a flock of white birds, as they skimmed over the sparkling waters, in the direction of the fortress, where the little boat was to be deposited, and where it is yet exhibited to travellers, as a memento of the Czar's early successful efforts.

Loud, ringing shouts broke from that vast population, when they saw the approach of their glorious Sovereign. The thousand bells of St. Petersburg pealed out a deafening, but merry, welcome ; the fortress shook with the thunders of artillery ; the drums beat with ceaseless noise ; boat-horns echoed from every little shell, that skimmed the canal ; scarfs and handkerchiefs were waved from many of the close-curtained sledges, seen in every direction ; and from one, in particular, more richly painted than all the rest, and lined with the costliest furs, a golden but blunted arrow *issued*, shot by the Empress Catherine's own hand,

and bearing this inscription, "Long life and prosperity to the Russian navy."

"Ah," interrupted Mary Grey, "it was only the other day that mamma told me the history of that very Empress. Was she not the daughter of a poor peasant, sir?"

"You are right, my dear," replied Mr. Seymour. "She was left an orphan, at a very early age, and, in this destitute state, a benevolent Lutheran minister took compassion on her youth and misfortunes, and, under his sheltering roof, she was brought up as one of his own children. By a strange course of circumstances, she became known to Peter, when in the bloom and beauty of her eighteenth year, and he was so completely captivated by her sweetness of temper, vivacity, and intelligence, that, forgetful of her humble origin, he raised her, a few years afterwards, to the Russian throne."

"The lives of few people are marked by such change," observed Alice. "But continue your story, sir."

Catherine had taken aim very exactly, for the arrow struck against the time-worn boat, at the moment that Peter stepped on shore, and reverberating a few feet, it fell amidst the surge of the river's bank, and would have soon sunk, if a lad, who had been watching the gay spectacle with his companions, had not rushed forward, and, throwing off the rough woollen pelisse, which defended him from the cold, plunged into the icy waters, and seized the glittering dart, as it lay half buried in

the marsh. A shout of applause broke from the admiring populace, as the brave youth, hanging on one of the many oars held out for his support, was safely landed on the shore. The Czar himself advanced towards him, and, laying his hand on the boy's dripping curls, asked the name of the youthful subject, who had thus ventured his life to gratify his Sovereign's curiosity. "Ivan Lowenski," replied the blushing lad, as, falling on his knees, he kissed his Majesty's proffered hand, and with down-cast eyes presented the arrow.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Emperor, "that was the name of the boy, who was publicly pronounced, last week, as the most promising pupil in my public marine school. Can it be you?"

Ivan Lowenski's soft blue eyes were sunny with smiles, as, stealing a glance at his Sovereign's face, he answered in the affirmative.

"Then follow me!" exclaimed the Emperor, as, with rapid strides, he moved towards the sledge, in which sat the youthful Czarina. After a brief conversation, of which Ivan seemed the subject, he added aloud, "Here, Catherine, I return your arrow, which, but for this young subject's boldness, would have been the property of yonder waves."

The Empress, who was very handsome, and possessed the sweetest complacency of manners, leaned out from the silken curtains of her sledge, and laying her hand on Ivan's shoulder, she prayed all the saints to bless him, as, returning the golden *dart*, she said kindly, "Accept of this slight token

from your mistress ; and may I, at some future time, hear of Ivan Lowenski, as one of his master's most useful subjects."

Tears of gratitude and delight started to the boy's eyes, as, kneeling low, he accepted of Catherine's gift ; but he was too much agitated to pronounce a single word ; and bidding him farewell, the Czarina ordered her sledge in the direction of the palace, where she was followed by Peter and the nobles of the court, who were this day to partake of a great entertainment within its walls.

Ivan was speedily surrounded by a group of his young companions, many of whom regarded him with admiration, and a few with envy, as he showed the costly gift. He soon answered their numerous inquiries, and you may be sure that he was not slow in taking his homeward path. He did not stop, as usual, to slide on the artificial mountains of ice, which are raised in great numbers for the common people, in Russia ; nor did he linger in the market-place, to wonder with his playmates, over the many thousands of bullocks, sheep, hogs, geese, and fowls, which are brought in such abundance from the surrounding provinces, that the display of a single day would be sufficient to support all the vast population for three months.

"How could they keep so many in a sound state ?" asked George.

"In the cold climate of Northern Russia," replied Mr. Seymour, "these animal provisions become so stiff and frozen, that the small game is hung up in long festoons, and may be thus pre-

served for many weeks. When purchased, they cannot be cooked until thawed in cold water. A French traveller mentions, that the animals which live in the north of Europe, grow white in Winter, and that he has seen numbers of birds in the market, which, although naturally black, had become perfectly colorless; while others, killed before the severe weather set in, were variegated with white and black feathers. But to continue my narrative."

Ivan delayed for a moment, and what boy would not? to admire the superb regiments, called the Queen's household-guards, as they paraded through the streets, in their rich scarlet uniforms, embroidered with silver, and their helmets, on which the Imperial Eagle shone with outspread wings, beneath the full plumes, which tossed gayly in the breeze. When he reached the humble cottage where his parents resided, whom he was allowed to visit on every Sabbath and holiday, the happy boy rushed in; but judge of his surprise, when he saw his mother, who was always industriously engaged, either in making nets, or forming garments of coarse furs, now sitting perfectly idle, and giving way to the most violent excesses of sorrow; while his father was not to be seen, although their usual dinner of pickled fish and garlic, with a huge pitcher of quass, (a kind of beer made by the fermentation of barley, rye, and oat-meal,) lay on the top of the rudely-formed, but well-heated, stove.

Nothing can be more servile and degrading

than the state of the Russian peasants. They are bondsmen, in the whole extent of the term ; and the value of an estate in Russia is rated, not by the amount of acres, as with us, but by the numbers of serfs or peasants, it contains. The nobles are absolute masters of their time, and their labor ; and, as these unhappy people cannot bring any legal action against their lords, the heaviest taxes are often imposed by their arbitrary rulers, and in despair of finding means of payment, these wretched slaves are frequently driven to crimes, against which their natural feelings revolt. Sometimes they bury their little savings, and die with the secret, because their greedy owners would deprive them of every cent, if they knew of it. Their only happiness is, that they belong to the soil, and are never sold, except with the estate ; thus, they may change their masters, but cannot be torn from their connexions, or birth-place.

The talented and delightful modern traveller, Stephens, mentions having seen an old slave at Moscow, who had acquired a very large fortune ; but, as his master's price for his freedom advanced every year with his growing wealth, the poor serf, unable to part with his hard earnings, was then rolling in riches, with a collar round his neck ; struggling with the inborn spirit of freedom, yet hesitating whether to be a beggar or a slave.

“ I suppose, in that degraded condition, they soon lose all natural dignity of character,” observed Mrs. Seymour.

“ Yes ! generally speaking, they do,” replied her husband ; “ but, during the invasion of Napoleon, the Russian serfs behaved in the most noble manner. After having been reviewed by the Emperor, ten thousand of them marched from St. Petersburg to meet the French army. When they arrived at the appointed place, it was deemed prudent, that they should fall back a little ; but they answered, ‘ No ! the last promise we made the Emperor, our father, was, that we would never fly before the enemy, and we will keep our word.’ Sad to tell, eight thousand of the above-mentioned number were killed, in consequence of this brave decision.”

“ Poor fellows ! I admire their faithfulness,” exclaimed Frank. “ But go on with the story, papa.”

The condition of the peasant, Alexander Lowenski, was like that of many other serfs. For ten years, he had labored industriously, on the grounds of Count Orloff, a wealthy Russian lord, and, by the greatest frugality, he had been enabled, during that period, to amass a sum of money, sufficient for the purchase of his own freedom ; and this long-hoarded treasure led to the consequences, I am about to relate.

For some minutes, Ivan’s caresses produced no effect on his unhappy mother ; but, at length, she exclaimed, “ Oh ! my boy ! I could have borne all ; want, beggary, famine,—all, all, except this dreadful disgrace.”

A child’s first real grief is an overwhelming

thing ; and as the weeping boy threw his arms around his parent's neck, his face grew cold and colorless with the dreadful uncertainty of his cause of grief, and he murmured, " Mother ! Mother ! speak to me ! tell me, where is my dear father ? "

The miserable woman tried to overcome her sobs and lamentations, as she unfolded her sad story. On the preceding evening, they had been visited by the officer, who collected their master's revenues. Their regular tax had been faithfully paid ; but, in the thoughtlessness of the moment, Alexander Lowenski displayed the bag of silver, which he had accumulated from his earnings ; " and oh ! " exclaimed Sophia, for that was the name of Ivan's mother, " my heart misgave me, when I saw the sneer, with which the officer regarded your father, as he besought him to plead his cause with the Count, so as to persuade him to ask a moderate sum for his ransom. Instead of promising to assist Alexander in procuring our lord's kindness, the brutal man felled me to the ground, as I vainly endeavored to secrete the money from his grasp ; and seizing on the bag, he declared that he took possession of it in Count Orloff's name. Exasperated at the cruel treatment I had received, your father struck the officer a violent blow, and when he departed from the cottage, his face was white with rage, and he shook the bag of money at us, with the most revengeful gestures. Ah ! I knew then the fearful consequences that would soon follow. "

Ivan had buried his face in his hands ; but, as

his mother uttered these words, in a low, despairing tone, he raised his head, and gazed earnestly into her face, exclaiming, "Tell me all, mother! what will they do with him? where have they carried my poor father?"

"My hapless boy," replied Sophia, "they bore him away to prison, this morning; the knout will be inflicted to-morrow; and," shudderingly she added, with a low, wild shriek, "if he survives, they muttered something of banishment to Siberia."

Ivan moaned in the excess of despair, as he heard these last words, for he knew what must be the torture of that cruel punishment, the knout.

"Pray describe it to us, if you please, sir," interrupted George.

"It is a strap, three quarters of an inch broad, and made extremely hard by a kind of preparation. It is tied to a very thick-plaited whip, hanging by an iron ferule, or a little bit of elastic iron, and the whole is fixed to a very short stick. Some idea may be formed of the great force, which a dexterous executioner can give to this instrument, when I tell you, that, if he receives particular orders, he can despatch the criminal, by giving him only two or three strokes on the ribs. The hard strap is applied to the back of the sufferer, and every stroke brings away a portion of bleeding flesh. But enough has been told you of this barbarous invention, and my blood curdles at the thought, that humanity could have *designed* any thing so horrible."

“Horrible, indeed !” replied Mary Grey. “I hate to think of it, sir.”

“I turn willingly from the revolting scene,” observed Mr. Seymour.

Perhaps the wretched pair would not have sought to form any plan for the prisoner’s deliverance, if, just then, the golden arrow, which laid unnoticed on the floor, had not arrested the boy’s attention ; and hope glanced like a sudden sun-beam over his features, as he cried aloud, “Mother ! I can save him ! I can preserve my father’s life ! The Empress is too beautiful, and good, and tender-hearted, to refuse my entreaties, and I will hasten this minute to the palace, and entreat her to take pity on our distress.” The boy’s light breath of comfort stole like music on the ear of the desponding wife ; and when her son unfolded the morning’s adventure, she fell on her knees, and vowed to the saints, that she would ring the bell of St. Nicholas’ church two hours that evening, for the success of her boy’s suit.

“What ! have they no regular bell-ringers, as with us ?” inquired Henry.

“Probably they have,” replied his father ; “for to the Russians, the ringing of bells is an object of veneration, and they ascribe to it much efficacy for the saving of souls. On days of great solemnity, the ear is hardly able to bear the noise of the bells, which are put in motion at break of day, and are never suffered to rest until sunset. They esteem it devotion to go and ring them, and on this account, the cords reached to cottages be-

fore the churches, constructed expressly for the convenience of benevolent ringers."

"Rather fatiguing work, I should think," observed George, with a smile.

"Not so much so, as you imagine," replied Mr. Seymour. "They are not shaken to-and-fro, as with us; but, on the contrary, the bell is always immovable, and is sounded by means of a knocker fixed at its side, which is put in action by the cords tied to it."

"A capital contrivance," exclaimed Frank, "if the bells are very large."

"I forgot to mention, that throughout Russia, they are constructed of an enormous size. Mr. Stephens mentions a bell at Moscow, which I will willingly describe, if you choose. He says, 'this great bell, the largest and the wonder of the world, is in an excavation under ground, accessible by a trap-door, like the covered mouth of a well. I descended, by a broken ladder, and can hardly explain to myself the curiosity and interest, with which I examined this monstrous piece of metal. Its weight is upwards of four hundred thousand pounds English, and its cost has been estimated at more than three hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds sterling. There is some question whether this immense bell was ever hung, but it is supposed that it was suspended by a great number of beams and cross-beams; that it was rung by forty or fifty men, one half on either side, who pulled the clappers by means of ropes, and *that the sound amazed and deafened the inhabi-*

tants. On one side is a crack, large enough to admit the figure of a man. I went inside, called aloud, and received an echo like the reverberations of thunder.' ”

“ Now go on, father, with your story,” exclaimed Julia ; “ and tell us where was poor Ivan’s father, all this while.”

On the morning, when Alexander Lowenski had been seized, and torn from the embraces of his wife, his grief, although deep, was silent, and he tried to appear outwardly composed, as, with an erect mien, he followed the soldiers, who conducted him to prison. But deep sighs broke from his bosom, when he heard the heavy iron bolts close, one after another, and remembered, that, in his poverty, there was no friend who could assist him, in any way, in escaping from a strong prison, on whose doors might have been well inscribed this thrilling sentence from an Italian poet, “ *Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch’ entrate.*” * He threw himself on the rough furs, which formed the bed for his repose, and gave way to the most melancholy and depressing reflections.

In the mean while, the young, but bold-hearted, Ivan hastened to the Czar’s palace. The porter would have driven him rudely from the door, but, when the poor boy showed the golden arrow, which his mistress had presented him that morning, his countenance relented, and he pointed out a large apartment, situated at the end of a long gallery.

* “ All hope abandon, ye who enter here.”

Ivan's heart beat, ready to bursting, as he tremblingly trod through the royal abode ; and, when a page admitted him to the emperor's presence, he was so bewildered by alarm, that his brain seemed turning, and he almost forgot where he was.

"Ha !" exclaimed Peter, pushing away the table, where he sat engaged at his favorite game of chess, with his prime minister, Menzikoff. "Who is this, dares intrude on us ? Away with him, I say."

Regardless of this harsh command, Ivan rushed forward, and, throwing himself at his sovereign's feet, laid in his hand the golden arrow, murmuring, as he did so, "For God's sake, and for the love of our beautiful Empress, listen but one moment, sire, and I have done."

"Ivan Lowenski ! is it you ?" said the Czar, in an astonished tone. "What has brought you to my palace this evening ? Would you return your mistress's gift ? or have you some further favor to ask ?"

Ivan's lips were not silent, for there is a boldness in love and grief, that drives away servile fear ; and, as he told the sad and touching story of his father's imprisonment and expected punishment, and the deep despondency of his mother, the rough-hearted Peter seemed moved to some feelings of compassion ; and, although the blow was rather violent, yet there was kindness in his manner, as, striking the boy rudely on the shoulder, he *bade him rise*, adding, that he would look into the

affair, and see what could be done, to save Alexander from punishment and future banishment.

It is a well-known fact, that courtiers often possess an ascendancy over their sovereigns ; and Menzikoff, who had studied his master's character, and knew how to calm his resentment by a single word, said, with deceitful mildness, that he was sorry for this individual case, but that the serfs were becoming so bold and rebellious, as to promise much trouble to their imperial master. "Only give them one thread of success to cling to," said he, "and they will soon form a whole web, like yonder spider," pointing, as he spoke, to a large insect, which had taken entire possession of one corner of the ceiling of the meanly-furnished and dirty room, where it had formed a huge web, without molestation.

"'Tis false !" cried Peter, rising and stamping furiously on the floor. "'Tis false, I say. One word of mine can destroy them all, even as I now bring to nought yonder work of many weeks ;" and, with impetuous movement, seizing his cane, and tearing the slight fabric from the wall, he killed the frightened insect, who had there made a commodious house. Then turning to Menzikoff, who now kept prudently silent, he observed, with a smile, as he pointed to a small dock-yard before the windows, "Do you see yonder boat, the work of my own hands, lying now on the stocks ? In a few days, if I will, it will be launched into its seemingly fitting element ; but think you that, in so doing, it will obtain entire

liberty ? No ! my hand will guide the helm ; and even so will it ever be with my subject serfs. Though apparently they may strive to shake off my yoke, yet there will ever be an under-hand, directing each of their movements, as mine will yonder boat.”

During this noisy dialogue, Ivan had remained quiet, and trembling with anxiety ; but, as the Emperor pointed to the gay and beautiful boat, which, although small, was formed in the most graceful proportions, he raised his head to look, and clasping his hands together, uttered a cry of wild delight, as the bark met his view.

“ Oh ! how beautiful it is ! ” he exclaimed aloud, forgetful of Peter’s presence. The Czar was pleased with the boy’s apparent delight, and, taking him by the hand, led him to the dock-yard, where he pointed out the different parts of the vessel. He was surprised to find that Ivan was already acquainted with the names and uses of the various parts of his structure ; for, although he was aware that he was esteemed the most promising pupil in the public marine school, an institution founded by himself, for the express purpose of extending information through the lower classes, on every point relating to ship-building and navigation, yet he did not expect to find so much enthusiasm in one so young. In answer to his questions, the lad modestly observed, that he was in the constant habit of making tiny boats of every form and description, from the ever-growing *variety*, which were always to be seen in the har-

bor ; “ and O ! ” he added, “ if you will not be angry, sire, I should like to try and imitate yonder fine vessel, when it is launched.”

“ You are a smart and enterprising fellow,” exclaimed the Emperor, delighted to find one who entered so fully into his favorite pursuits. “ Now, listen to me, Ivan. The sentence of the knout shall not be inflicted on your father to-morrow, as was intended ; but he shall be confined in prison, through the coming month, during which time, you may attempt the project I am about to propose. If, in that period, you can succeed in constructing a miniature vessel, say three feet long, from yonder model of mine, your father shall be liberated, and I myself will settle for his ransom.”

Ivan uttered a cry of joyous gratitude, as he threw himself at the Emperor’s feet, and declared that he would willingly make the attempt. No doubt of success entered his young mind ; for the difficult enterprise seemed as nothing, when weighed in the balance against his parent’s life. He was dumb with gratitude, when Peter further informed him, that every thing needful to the vessel’s construction should be faithfully provided by the marine school ; and, as he rose to bid the Czar farewell, (for he longed to impart the happy news to his mother, before he returned to the common home where his schoolmates resided,) Peter laid his hand kindly on the lad’s head, and prayed the saints to assist him in this effort of love.

You may imagine the joyous hope, that was awakened in Sophia’s breast, when her son hur-

riedly related his adventure, and bade her take comfort, as he was certain that he would finally succeed. "Now, good night! dear mother," he said; "I must hurry home, for see, the Aurora Borealis already shoots its serpent-like rays, and the cold is becoming sharper every minute."

Sophia pressed the dear boy to her heart, and, after making him drink a draught of the yet un-tasted quass, to defend him, as she said, from the frost's bite, she drew the leathern girdle yet closer over his fur pelisse, and bound a piece of flannel over his ears, to prevent them from becoming frost-bitten; for there is nothing more common in Russia, at the return of Spring, than to meet unfortunate people in the streets, one with a hole in the cheek, another a tatter of an ear, and so on, which misfortunes have been occasioned by the excessive cold.

"Is there any remedy for a frost-bitten limb," asked Alice.

"Yes!" replied Mr. Seymour; "the best plan is to rub the injured part with snow for a considerable time."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mary. "Why, I should have supposed that would only increase the evil. If my hands or feet were frost-bitten, I should think it best to plunge them immediately into water, as hot as I could well bear."

"The very worst plan you could pursue," rejoined her friend; "for, in such a case, it is dangerous either to approach the fire, or to indulge in any hot application, as either will most probably produce mortification."

“ You are right, sir,” observed George,” and I am sure that a change from heat to cold is equally as dangerous ; for I recollect one day, last Summer, when, after violent exercise with several school-fellows, we all agreed to take a bath in the river, and, instead of choosing a sunny spot, where the water had been thoroughly warmed, we undressed beneath some trees in a retired nook, and plunged immediately into the cold stream, which was entirely shaded and kept from the sunshine, by the thick foliage overhead. I was attacked by a sudden cramp, before I had gone two yards from the shore, and would have sunk from exhaustion, if several of the boys had not come to my aid, and, after dragging me from the waves, laid me in a sunny place on the bank, until I recovered. I remember well, that we all had violent headaches, when we met next day, at school ; and, since that time, I have always avoided cold bathing, when much heated by exercise.”

“ It was a good lesson to you, George,” replied Mr. Seymour. “ Now I will go on with my story.”

Ivan hardly felt the piercing cold, as he hurried along the wooden pathway, (for the sidewalks in St. Petersburg were then covered with rough planks, instead of pavements ;) neither did he stop a minute to warm himself, when he reached the great public square, where a large fire, made of entire trees, was kindled every night, for the accommodation of poor travellers, and servants despatched on business by their masters ; but, with

quick speed, he traversed the principal street, until he reached an extensive building, devoted to the use of the marine school.

The pupils had all arrived before him, and Ivan had just time to show his kind preceptor the Czarina's present, and to unfold to him the sad story of the day's misfortune, and its promising termination, when the signal for supper was given, and the boys marched, in orderly procession, to their frugal meal of dried fish and oaten bread, after which they all prostrated themselves, in turn, before a small chapel, containing a *bog*.

"A bog! father, what is that?" said Henry.

"A bog," replied Mr. Seymour, "is an image painted on wood, and called by the name of some particular saint; for in Russia the people always pray to the saints for intercession with that Great Being, whom the Scriptures have truly declared to be a God of love, and who is ever ready to lend a willing ear unto the supplications of the humblest of his creatures. The rich and the poor all have their bogs, in Russia, and many a poor peasant will willingly deprive himself of some needful comfort, week after week, for the sake of purchasing some gay bauble, with which to decorate the senseless image."

"I wonder how any body can be so superstitious," exclaimed Frank.

"You may well be amazed at such credulity," replied his father. "Yet, let it only make you more grateful to your Creator, who has shed a brighter light into your mind, and given you clear-

er views of his character, than these ignorant people possess. But do not triumph in your superiority ; for, depend upon it, many a heart has bowed in deeper, sincerer, devotion, before a *bog*, than some that may be found in our most enlightened communities. Man looketh upon the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart ; and will regard with favor any, who, although ignorant and degraded, extend a kindly spirit to their fellow-creatures.”

“ I love to behold the Parent of the universe in that view,” observed Mrs. Seymour ; “ and have always thought, that there was much religious truth in this quaint verse of Coleridge’s ;

“ ‘ He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small ;
For the dear God, that loveth us,
He made and loveth all.’ ”

Mr. Seymour now continued his story.

It was late, very late, that night, before Ivan closed his eyes ; for, when the mind is full of some important project, it counts every hour, until its execution is commenced. The schoolboy, in the anticipation of the pleasures of our glorious fourth of July, can hardly lie quiet until the morning light dawns upon him, and keeps awake, through fear of sleeping beyond the right hour ; what, then, must have been the anxiety of poor Ivan ! With the first red light of morning, he sprang from his pillow, where his sleep had been disturbed by a thousand confused dreams. Sometimes, it appeared that he was standing on the

wharf, trying to catch a glimpse of the vessel, which was to serve him for a model, and which, in spite of all his desires, became every moment lost in a thick fog, that prevented him from forming any idea of its figure, or the arrangement of its different sails. Sometimes, he was in the midst of a wide, sunny ocean, surrounded by a multitude of similar vessels, which continually changed their position, and deceived and baffled him at every moment. Then, again, he dreamt that the whole month had been wasted, in looking for golden arrows, and that but one single day was left, for his important work ; and when, at last, he shook off these troublesome fancies, and sunk into a deep sleep, he was started by a loud, thrilling cry, as of his father's voice, apparently dying beneath the torture of the knout ; and, although he presently discovered that it was only the usual school summons, commanding the boys to rise, yet, as he sat up in bed, he felt his limbs tremble, and wiped away the tears, as they ran down his pale face.

Who hath not felt the delicious influences of a cloudless morning, calming and subduing the heavy and clinging cares of this troublesome life ! Napoleon used to boast, that the most important and eventful days, in his brief years of triumph, were always marked by the good omen of clear sunshine ; and as Ivan looked out on the ice-bound scenery from his window, his heart lightened, and his smiles returned, when he saw the morning sunshine gilding every object without, even as hope lent a brightness to his inner feelings. The pure

snow-flakes shone like diamonds over the plots of moss, which were just shooting up at the approach of Spring ; the trees were ornamented with icicles, which had formed themselves into many a fantastic and glittering shape ; and as the sledges passed by, filled with laborers going to their daily tasks, he hurried through his simple breakfast, and waited impatiently, until his preceptor would allow him to select the materials for his tiny vessel.

I will not detain you by a detail of the lad's progress, from day to day. At a particular hour, he was regularly allowed to visit the dock-yard, and study the model, which had been kindly kept on the stocks, by the Czar, for his convenience ; and after a long and close investigation, in which he was frequently assisted by the hints of Peter himself, he would hasten back to the workshop, belonging to the marine school, never forgetting to stop for a few minutes, on his way, and inform his anxious mother of his steady progress.

It was a wearisome and perplexing job ; for he was obliged to mark the proportions of every rope and sail ; and, many a time, was compelled to undo the work of several previous hours. But Ivan's best gift was an untiring perseverance ; and although his ill success, at times, cost him many sighs, yet he never dreamed, for a moment, of relinquishing the attempt ; but carved, and turned, and twisted his cordage, with the most admirable patience.

One day, when he had almost finished, his teacher was surprised to find him carving a figure-head,

which, although executed entirely with a penknife, bore a strong resemblance to the Empress Catherine. He praised the blushing Ivan for his ingenuity; told him it was a capital thought, and advised him to hasten to the conclusion of his work, as the Emperor would visit the school, in a few days, to observe the boys' progress in their studies.

Ivan's heart beat with delight, as he heard his master's praises; but his ecstasy knew no bounds, when he was further informed, that Peter had determined to launch the tiny vessel, himself; and he worked, almost without taking time for food, in his anxiety to finish it at the day specified. At length, every part was completed; the paint, which decorated it in profusion, was quite dry; another shade was added to the Czarina's already crimson cheek, and dark, arched, eyebrows; the sails were all unfurled; and Ivan's schoolfellows, who sympathized warmly in his success, pronounced the resemblance perfect.

On the day when the Emperor was expected, the schoolboys were dismissed at an earlier hour than usual, and, headed by Ivan, who bore his well-earned treasure in his arms, the long procession of smiling faces met Peter, as he entered the small grounds, which the pupils called their dockyard, in the midst of which, lay a miniature lake.

I wish you could have seen the Emperor, after he had examined every part of the tiny vessel, and laid it on the plank, from which it was to glide presently into the sunny pond. Forgetful of his rank, he clasped Ivan to his breast, exclaim-

ing with a loud hurrah, "My dear boy! you will soon outdo your master! you will be a treasure to my navy."

Then he added, "Send immediately for Alexander Lowenski and his wife, for they shall not lose the sight of their noble son's success. But stay," he said, calling for pen and paper, "I will give a written order, and then we will be safe against any mistake." So saying, he seized the writing implements which were hurriedly produced by an attendant, and scrawled a few almost illegible lines, the purport of which was, that Alexander should be set at liberty, and brought immediately to his presence.

"Oh! father, how delightful!" exclaimed Julia, "and how happy poor Ivan must have felt."

"Yes!" observed Mr. Seymour.

This delicious surprise was almost too much for his tender heart; and, as the Emperor released him from his embrace, he seemed so entirely overcome, that a schoolmate led him to a seat on a log, while another brought a reviving draught of water, and after yielding to a gush of happy tears, Ivan recovered sufficiently to thank his kind and indulgent Sovereign.

The commands of kings are speedily obeyed, and the wondering and alarmed Alexander, accompanied by his wife, were soon ushered into Peter's presence. Unaware of the happiness which awaited him, the trembling father threw himself at the Emperor's feet, and besought him, with tears and sobs, to take compassion on his misery.

Who can describe their emotion, when, pointing to Ivan, who had rushed forward to embrace his parents, the Czar exclaimed, with a loud laugh, "Here comes your deliverer! Ask him whether you are safe or not, for he alone can determine."

Ivan's joyous caresses restored some confidence to the uncertainty of his anxious parents; but they knew not what it all meant, until, at the approach of the royal equipage, containing the Empress and several of her ladies of honor, Peter gave the determined signal, and the tiny vessel glided from the plank, amid the loud hurrahs of more than one hundred schoolboys, and above whose united voices, the Emperor's was heard distinctly, shouting aloud, as the vessel danced gracefully on the sunny pond, and waved its flag, on which was wrought a golden arrow, to the keen morning breeze, "Hurrah for our Empress's likeness! hurrah for the golden arrow!" then hurrying to Ivan, who stood gazing on the work of his own hands, with his quivering lips parted, and his eyes suffused with tears of delight, he almost dragged him to the Empress, crying out, "Here, Kate, you alone shall grant him his freedom; and I'll warrant your kind heart rejoices to do it."

Ivan could not see the Czarina's beaming countenance, because his sight was blinded by tears; but his delighted father and mother, who had received information, during the mean while, on every point connected with their son's success, gazed on her fair face, as if it had been that of an angel, and through the whole course of their afterlife,

they never saw any sight remarkably lovely or soul-stirring, but they were sure to compare it to the sunshiny face of their beloved mistress, when, in the dock-yard of the marine school, she sat, smiling on their good and promising son.

“I like your story, very much, papa, but did they get their bag of money, again?” asked Henry.

“Yes!” replied his father; “the unjust landlord was compelled to return it to its rightful owner, and he was afraid to make any objection, when the Emperor expressed a wish to settle with him for the ransom of Alexander Lowenski and his family. They were still allowed to remain in the humble cottage, where they had resided for so many years; and, although they were no longer slaves, Alexander still continued to labor, for settled wages, in the fields of Count Orloff, and thus realized a comfortable portion for his old age.”

“And what became of Ivan, in the end?” asked George. “I hope the fellow did not disappoint his master’s expectations.”

“No, indeed,” replied Mr. Seymour. “The event of that day imparted an energy to the whole course of his afterlife; and, by the time he reached manhood, he was esteemed the chief engineer in the Russian navy, the command of several dock-yards were intrusted to his care, and he held intercourse with distinguished men, both in Holland and England, who had given their undivided attention to the subject of ship-building. He never forgot his Sovereign’s liberal kindness, but the last man-of-war built under his direction, and

which was still unfinished at the day of his death, was called, at his dying desire, '*Our good Emperor.*'"

"And he well deserved that name," exclaimed George, "for his kindness to poor Alexander Lowenski. But I am certain he had one fault. Tell me, sir, was not Peter the Great very passionate?"

"Yes!" replied Mr. Seymour, "his temper was most fiery, and not in the least under subjection. I am sorry to add, that his character was degraded by one of the meanest vices. Guess what it was."

"Avarice, perhaps," said Alice; "for I remember you said that his palace at St. Petersburg was meanly furnished."

"No! not that, Alice," said her friend. "Guess again, some of you."

"A love of boasting about his power?" asked Frank; "for you remember, father, his conversation with Menzikoff, about the poor serfs."

"Not that, neither," replied Mr. Seymour. "Far worse than that. Guess again. A vice that excites and increases a passionate temper. Can none of you tell what it is?"

"Hush!" exclaimed George, with a quick, upward jerk of the hand; "just let me guess. But no! it could not be!—A great Emperor would hardly be a—"

"A what? George," asked Mr. Seymour, with an animated glance.

"Hardly a drunkard, sir," said the blushing

boy, in a low tone, as if afraid that Peter's ghost (if ghosts exist at all) would rise before him, in defiance of the dark accusation.

“ Ah ! my boy,” exclaimed his friend, with a deep sigh, “ you have guessed it. The great Emperor Peter ; the founder of the finest city in Russia ; the head of the extensive navy ; the patron of science, and the admiration of posterity, was, I grieve to say it, a miserable drunkard, and, while in an intoxicated state, would often give way to fits of passion resembling madness, and at such times he ceased to be a great man. But, as a French writer observes, *Peter recovered* shuddered at the excesses of *Peter intoxicated*, and he would frequently ask pardon of his friends, when he had grossly, but unconsciously, offended or insulted them, and take a solemn vow to drink no more ; a vow which, like that of most drunkards, was often broken the same day on which it was made. There is but one excuse to be made for the otherwise great Czar of Russia ; and that is, that, in his age and country, intemperance was not regarded with such disgust as nowadays, when efforts for its suppression are making in every little village throughout our wide territory, and when the voice and example of every good man is so strenuously opposed to every measure that would increase the dreadful evil. Sooner, far sooner, would I see you lay your young heads in the graves, dear boys, than live to have you pointed at, with the finger of scorn, or even pity, for yielding to such a vice as intemperance.”

“ I hope, sir,” exclaimed George, with animation, “ that we may never disgrace ourselves in such a horrible manner. I am truly sorry that a man, so wise and great as the Czar of Russia, gave way to so disgusting a habit. No doubt, it often made him cruel and unjust towards his subjects, although he was so kind in the case of young Ivan.”

“ Yes,” replied Mr. Seymour, “ even his wife, whom he dearly loved, did not escape, in these moments of his unreasonable resentment ; and it is well known, that, in one instance, he beat her severely with his cane. She was, however, the only person who dared approach him, in these fits of passion ; and it is said, that at such times, the sound of her voice would make him leap for joy. In one instance, the ability of the Czarina saved the Russian army, and I will relate the fact, as it is mentioned by an agreeable writer.

“ ‘ In the campaign of the year 1711, the Czar had suffered himself to be surrounded by a numerous army of the Turks ; and no resource was left him, but to cut his way through the hostile army, during the night. After having come to this desperate resolution, he had retired to his tent, with his soul a prey to the most violent chagrin, and had forbidden any person to enter it, under pain of death. In this critical moment, Catharine, rising superior to her sex, had reanimated the courage of the generals, whom the Czar’s despair had collected round the tent of the vice-chancellor, and there suggested to them the proposal of terms to *Baltagi Mehemet*, who, to pacific inclinations,

united the avarice of a Turk raised to this eminent rank. She collected gold enough to dazzle him, and deputies were despatched without Peter's knowledge. Baltagi Mehemet, who had full power from his master to continue the war or make peace, was dazzled by the presents which Catharine caused to be offered him, and consented to an accommodation, on much better terms than could have been expected. Then, in spite of the Czar's orders, the princess repairs to his tent, throws herself at his feet, and, in energetic terms, describes the horror of their situation; his army more reduced by want and fatigue, than encouraged by his generous grief; she relates to him what steps she has taken with Baltagi Mehemet, and the fortunate success with which they have been crowned. The astonished Peter raises her from the ground, and assures her that she has saved Russia. He felt so grateful for Catharine's generous action, that, on returning to the Capital, he instituted, in remembrance of it, the Order of St. Catharine, with which the Czarina was the first adorned; and, sometime afterwards, as an additional proof of his regard, he caused her to be solemnly crowned at Moscow.' ”

The children were all much pleased with the above-mentioned anecdote, and thought it a fortunate thing, that the hasty and passionate Czar was blessed with so prudent a wife. For a little while they discussed several points in the story they had just heard, until one of them exclaimed, “ Oh ! we almost forgot to ask for our poetry ; have you any for us, Mrs. Seymour ? ”

With a ready assent, their friend produced the following lines, referring to the early part of their evening's conversation, and which were headed thus :

THE ARK.

First ship of the sea ! O ! how strange and how dreary,
Must thy small crew have felt on the wide, boundless wave,
When taught by God's judgement, they knew that they only
Were saved, when all else found a watery grave.
Methinks, as they looked on the sepulchre-ocean,
And heard not a breath, but the wind's funeral knell,
That their souls must have sunk in the depths of devotion,
And Jehovah's close presence have weighed like a spell.

The morrow came on, but no ebb-tide of waters
Revealed aught of change in the vast, swelling sea ;
Not a high cliff was left, where earth's sons and earth's
daughters

Could cling to some crag, where the dry land might be ;
But as minutes and hours appeared on time's border,
The founts of the great deep burst out 'neath the main,
And the windows of Heaven were oped at His order,
Who formed the tremendous and thick-falling rain.

The ark glided safe, when all living had vanished,
Though its perilous journey was cheered by no sun,
For the tempest's dark, lowering spirit had banished
All beamings of brightness, save faith's deathless one.
The winds howled aloud, and the water-chains bound them,
Throughout endless weeks of still, desolate life,
But they felt that the strong arm of God was around them,
And that one thought sustained them throughout the dread
strife.

E'en thus may it prove in this brief, changeful being,
When unforeseen dangers spread o'er us their blight ;
And before heavy griefs and calamities fleeing,
We are ready to sink, with no haven in sight.
Let the soul ne'er forget, that to it has been given
An Ark, that can bear it above the wild flood,
And land it, at length, on the bright shore of Heaven ;
O ! seek, and thou'lt find, 'tis the mercy of God.

EIGHTH EVENING.

THE next evening, Mr. Seymour was detained at his office, by some pressing business, and a quarter of an hour elapsed, before he arrived to welcome his little friends. To give interest to these moments of expectation, Mrs. Seymour drew out her portfolio, containing a number of beautiful engravings ; and, among others, she exhibited, with much apparent pleasure, a likeness of Queen Victoria, dressed in her regal robes.

The children, with the exception of Julia, gazed in delight on the picture of one so young, and so distinguished above her fellow-creatures ; and, as they remarked her costly bracelets, and glittering necklace, and gleaming crown, Alice Somers exclaimed, " O ! how I should like to be a queen ! It must be the most delightful thing in the world. I wonder whether any body is happier than Victoria."

" She seems, indeed, to be idolized," answered Mrs. Seymour ; " yet, although courtiers, and heroes, poets, painters, and philosophers, all seem to vie with one another, in their endeavors to win her regard, I cannot agree with you, that her lot is in any degree to be envied. We are too apt to look on the colored and gilded outside of the volume of royal life, regarding it as a beautiful,

but sealed, book ; when, if we would but try to decipher the confused and blotted pages within, we should see quite as much of incessant cares, wasting anxieties, and want of sympathies returned, as in the breast of the humblest and most friendless of mankind, besides those constant suspicions, fears of hidden treachery, and wearying ambition, which form the annals of a crown.

“ You will find, my children, that wealth and power make up but a small portion of human happiness ; and it would be a dangerous expedient, to change places, even with those who are the most exalted in rank and happiness, apparently ; for

“ His lot may be a weary lot,
His thrall a heavy thrall ;
And cares and griefs, the crowd know not,
His heart may know them all.’ ”

“ I can readily believe,” observed George, “ what a world of trouble, the king of a large country must have, by the account, given in my morning’s lesson, of the good King Alfred, whose character I admire very much. He was not taught to read, until after he reached his twelfth year ; but as soon as he acquired that knowledge, he took great delight in books, and regarded his accession to the English throne, as rather an object of regret than of pleasure, because it prevented him from spending as much time as he wished, in the improvement of his mind. There was so much to keep him busy, that he divided *each day* into three equal portions. One was em-

ployed in sleep, and the refreshment of his body by food and exercise ; another was given to business ; and the third was devoted to study and prayer. He never spent more than five hours in sleep."

"Rather different from myself," exclaimed Frank. "I find my long nap of eight hours hardly enough in the cold winter mornings ; and think it a hardship to get up. But, mother ! let me tell you my choice. I should like to be the young prince, the king's son, who has his pockets always well supplied with money ; all sorts of amusing games contrived for his entertainment ; and is, altogether, the happiest fellow in the world."

"What is that !" exclaimed Mr. Seymour, who just then entered the parlor ; "ah ! my boy, be assured, you greatly mistake ; and I have a story, in yonder drawer, which can prove the truth of my assertion."

"I wish you would read us that very one this evening," said Frank, who had the right of choosing the next slip from the basket. "I would prefer it to any other. To what country did he belong, papa ?"

"He was a French boy," answered Mr. Seymour ; and, in the next minute, Frank selected "France," and the children eagerly seated themselves, as Mr. Seymour commenced the following narrative.

THE UNFORTUNATE PRINCE.

A FRENCH TALE.

I DOUBT whether any of you know much about the splendid palace of Versailles, situated about twelve miles from Paris. It is a large and handsome structure, which was built by Louis the Fourteenth, King of France, who expended so much money on this piece of architecture, that, frightened at the tremendous sum, he caused all the accounts connected with it to be burnt, and thus left posterity to conjecture the amount.

“Have you ever seen a picture of the place, papa?” asked Frank.

“Yes. A panorama of Versailles was exhibited some years ago; and, judging from that, it seemed to me a very splendid, though irregularly built, fabric. The mere stables looked like princely residences, and I have read, that six hundred of the finest horses were always kept in them by Louis the Sixteenth, the most unfortunate king who ever reigned over the French nation.”

But I only mention Versailles, to tell you of a beautiful spot, about two miles distant from it, called La Trianon, which was built under the direction of Marie Antoinette, the beautiful wife of King Louis the Sixteenth, who was a very amiable and fascinating woman, and whose greatest fault lay in her excessive fondness for extravagance and splendor of every kind.

At the period to which my story refers, a fatal cloud hung over the horizon of France ; and, although the court of Versailles seemed the abode of unshadowed pleasure, there were moments of anxious care and terror, when Marie Antoinette loved to leave its gay and fashionable domain, its groves and colonnades, its statues and fountains, and, with her children and a few intimate friends, would gladly visit her little ‘ Palace of Taste,’ as she called La Trianon, where, far from the sounds of revelry, and the weight of queenly grandeur, she would lay aside all appearance of royalty, and give free vent to the natural and kindly feelings of her heart, amid the elegant and simple pleasures of domestic life.

This palace was a small, but exquisite, building of white marble, surrounded with the most romantic avenues, leading to groups of tasteful buildings, called the ‘ Queen’s Farm,’ where might be seen perfect specimens of a dairy and mill, with a cluster of white cottages, surrounded with gardens and bee-hives ; and, at the end of a small, silvery lake, rose a picturesque tower, built to represent some ruins of old times. This antique structure was almost covered with a green mantle of ivy, among which shone numerous blossoms of the fragrant wallflower.

“ Ah ! now I see the reason why the flower is called by that name,” observed George. “ It must be, because it loves to spring out of old and decayed buildings.”

“ Yes !” replied Mr. Seymour. “ It derives its

name from that circumstance, and, in a former age, the minstrels and troubadours were accustomed to wear a bouquet of wallflowers, as the emblem of an affection which is proof against time and misfortune. A living poet has thus immortalized it.

‘ The Wallflower ! the Wallflower !
 How beautiful it blooms !
 It gleams above the ruined tower
 Like sunlight over tombs ;
 It sheds a halo of repose
 Around the wrecks of time :
 To beauty give the flaunting rose—
 The Wallflower is sublime.

‘ Flower of the solitary place !
 Gray Ruin’s golden crown,
 That lendest melancholy grace
 To haunts of old renown ;
 Thou mantlest o’er the battlement,
 By strife or storm decayed ;
 And fillest up each envious rent
 Time’s canker-tooth hath made.’ ”

It was a beautiful morning, and the Queen rose rather earlier than usual, to enjoy the pure and tranquil beauty of La Trianon. As she entered her boudoir,* she found, on the white satin dressing-table, a bouquet† of sweet and dew-wet flowers.

“ Who could have gathered these so early,” exclaimed she, inhaling their delicious perfume. “ It cannot be the gardener, for he is seldom visible before sunrise.” Then, as if struck by a sud-

* Retiring-room.

† Bunch of flowers—Nosegay.

den thought, she hurried through the duties of her toilet, saying, "I will find out these industrious ones;" and soon after, she stepped through the door, which opened on the garden path.

The sun had scarcely risen above the horizon; the night-scented flowers still breathed out all their fragrance, and, as Antoinette hastened through a narrow green alley, where boughs trained to meet overhead, and the trellice-work on either side, made a soft, hazy twilight, she was startled by the voices of her two children, who laughed gaily, as they stood together, in one corner of their own little garden.

"Bon jour! ma chere petite,"* said the Queen, as her young daughter, Charlotte, with a wild cry of delight, sprang forward to meet her, and, with that politeness which seems intuitive to French children, kissed her affectionately, as she welcomed her mamma to their garden.

The little Louis was so much occupied in digging, that he did not observe his mother's approach, and it was not until the Queen exclaimed, "Ah, now I can guess whose pretty flower-market supplied my toilet, so early, this morning," that, tossing the spade aside, he ran eagerly to meet his mother, and, throwing himself on the grass at her feet, pressed her hand, in childish grace, to his heart.

"Why do you trouble yourself so much about my nosegays?" asked his loving parent. "Dear

* Good morning, my dear little girl.

Louis ! your brow is hot with fatigue, and your hair quite damp with exercise."

"Ah ! my mamma," exclaimed the young prince, who was scarcely seven years old, "let me work as hard as I choose at your flowers, for have you not troubles enough, besides ?"

Antoinette, who possessed much sensibility, pressed the sweet boy to her bosom, and embraced him fondly, as she prayed God to bless his tender and thoughtful spirit.

"I am glad you like my flowers," added Louis ; "but wait till to-morrow, and then you shall have a bouquet, as fine as any that our Versailles gardener can boast. Do not go that way, mamma," he cried, as Antoinette was about turning through a narrow walk, which led to a small covered greenhouse, where the children's most choice plants were cherished. "Only wait one day, and then I will tell you my reason."

The happy mother yielded to her son's wishes, and, with her children on either side, took exercise until the breakfast-bell summoned them to the parlor, after which she retired with them, for two hours, when they were busily engaged in their studies.

The last gleam of sunset shone on the young pair, as, with stealthy footsteps, they sought the greenhouse, where lay their secret treasure. The deep glass windows were brilliant with flowers, which stood, side by side, like a group of beautiful foreigners, meeting in a stranger-land. Some hung drooping on their stems, as if they really

suffered the pains of exile, while others, of a hardier species, shot up in rich luxuriance, and filled with perfume, purer than the most costly essences; for what is so truly delicious as the breath of flowers?

The love of these delicate things of God's workmanship is inherent in the disposition of children; their natures are alike replete with purity and sweetness, and they always look together like familiar friends. In truth, I know no sight more innocently beautiful, than that of happy children, wandering in a gay flower-garden.

Louis and Charlotte roved through the maze of odoriferous plants, until they reached a stand, on which stood a single vase, containing a most exquisite specimen of the fragrant tuberose. It was double, and crowded with unfolded petals, every one of which looked as if chiselled out of the purest and finest alabaster; and as the children stooped to admire the lovely flower, they suppressed their voices, and talked in low whispers, as if they feared that a hard breath would injure its fragile structure.

"I do not know the tuberose," interrupted George. "Will you describe it to me, sir?"

"With pleasure," replied Mr. Seymour.— "Each of its blossoms grows on the top of a very small, slender stem, and is of a white color, sometimes tinged with a blush of pink. Its perfume is delicious, rich, and overpowering, and it is highly dangerous to sleep in an apartment containing one of these plants. It was brought from Persia to

France, nearly two centuries ago, being then entirely single ; and it was not until long afterwards, that the double flowers were produced by a skilful florist of Leyden, and, since that time, it has spread over all the world. In Peru, it has become naturalized ; that is to say, it grows entirely without culture. Now, to continue my story."

" Shall we pluck it this evening?" asked Louis, throwing his arm lovingly round his sister's neck. " I have filled mamma's prettiest Sevre vase* already with water, and I am thinking how beautifully these snowy flowers will look in it. You shall arrange them, Charlotte, because you have the most taste."

" How good you are, brother," answered the little girl, throwing back her loose brown hair from her face, which dimpled with the anticipated pleasure. " But see ! here are two of the blossoms not quite open, and it was only yesterday I heard mamma say, that she loved flowers best, and thought them far sweetest, when the morning-dew was on them. If you choose, I would rather wait until to-morrow, and then they will be so charming !" and again she leaned over the precious jar, and inhaled the odor of the fragrant plant.

Louis consented to his sister's proposal ; and, with a mutual promise of secrecy, they left the greenhouse, and wandered through the variegated shrubbery, until supper-time.

The first red light of morning was stealing through the windows, when, hand in hand, they

* Celebrated porcelain, manufactured at Sevres.

sought the pretty greenhouse. The tuberosé blossoms were now all perfect, and, after admiring them for some minutes, they agreed that it would be best to take their usual exercise in the garden, before plucking the flowers for their mother.

“Let us go and gather some water-lilies from the pond,” cried Louis. “I perceive their scent already.”

“O, yes! let us go,” said Charlotte; and the two children bounded, like sportive fawns, down the pathway, and soon stood on the margin of the tiny lake.

In the centre of this shaded sheet, was a small mound which the children called the ‘Island of the Sun,’ because a beautiful marble statue of Apollo was erected on the spot, by the taste of the Queen. An old tree, thrown across one side, served as a sort of rustic bridge to this island, and the young prince and princess took great pleasure in gaining, by this favorite way, the small domain of the marble deity.

While they were busily engaged in throwing the numerous white lilies into the water, and watching the speed of their little ivory boats, as they called them, a youthful page came to summon them to their breakfast, which, he said, had been waiting their arrival for some time. Charlotte was easily persuaded to obey the call; but Louis bid her wait just one minute, to see the speed of a very large lily, which he named his *man-of-war*, and which was sailing rapidly, in the direction of some smaller flowers. Tired by the delay, the page caught up

a long stick, to stop the fairy boat in its progress. This so provoked the prince, that, in the heat of vexation, he ran across the bridge, with the intention of striking the offender.

Darlingcourt, for that was the boy's name, scampered down the narrow pathway, leading to the greenhouse, with the intention of taking shelter within it, from his young master's transient anger ; but, just as he reached the closed door, with Louis close at his heels, his foot slipped, and he fell against the glass window, which opened, in the French style, like folding doors. The shock threw down the small frame, on which stood the china vase containing the beautiful tuberose, and the whole falling together, the jar was broken into a thousand pieces ; and when Louis entered, at full speed, he saw the sweet blossoms, that he had intended for his mother, crushed to pieces, and completely soiled, by the moist and clinging earth which had nourished the plant.

It was the prince's first trial, and it seemed too hard for him to bear. During two long weeks, he had watered the plant, every morning, and every evening found him at his sister's side, watching its opening beauty. They had both anticipated the blush of surprise and pleasure, with which their mother would accept of this rare present, particularly as her own greenhouse had none such to boast of ; and now that he saw the delicate green stems broken from their small root, and every white blossom buried beneath the black mass of earth, he burst into a passionate flood of tears ;

and, seizing on Darlingcourt's watch, the chain of which had slipped from the page's pocket, he clutched it closely, rushed back to the pond, and threw it, in the strong excitement of passion, into the deepest part of the water.

In the next moment, Louis stood, confused and speechless, by the side of his wondering sister ; but, when he saw Darlingcourt's burst of grief, on discovering the fate of his little timepiece, he said not one word in his own defence, but, as if every moment lost brought bitter remembrance of his rash deed, with the speed of lightning he flew down the path, and ran breathlessly into the Queen's breakfast parlor.

Antoinette was alarmed by the gush of tears, which was her son's only reply, when she anxiously inquired the cause of his distress. Taking the weeping boy by the hand, she led him into her boudoir, and tried to soothe his troubled spirit by her maternal caresses. " I do not deserve one kiss, mamma," sobbed Louis, as he turned from her affectionate embrace, " and I am determined to tell you how badly I have behaved ;" then, with many tears and interruptions, he related the morning's accident, and fully revealed the rash deed which he had committed.

Antoinette was a judicious mother, and, calmly putting Louis from her knee, she said, in a cold tone, " Why need you lament your conduct, when the offence is already committed ?"

" Oh ! mamma," exclaimed he, " I have come to beg one favor of you, if you will but grant it.

This beautiful watch, which my uncle was so good as to give me," referring, as he spoke, to an exquisite little timepiece, set in jewels, which his mother, to please his childish whim, wore round her neck in place of her own : " May I do with it as I choose ?"

" Certainly, Louis," replied Antoinette ; " it is your own property, and you have the right of disposing of it ; but I know that you value it quite as highly as it deserves."

" O ! dear mamma, yes !" exclaimed the young prince, coloring with some pleasant recollection. " I remember the very day, last Winter, when my good uncle took me on his knee, and hung the watch by this pretty chain around my neck. I asked him whose it was, and he said that he had purchased it expressly for me, because I had recited a scene from Corneille very correctly. I love my watch, dearly, for my uncle's sake ; but poor Darlingcourt loves his just as well, because it was a present from papa. Now, mamma, I wish you would let me give away my watch —"

" Your beautiful watch ! Louis ! set in these splendid rubies ; and with this delicate wreath of embossed gold ? Why, surely, you would not part with it for any thing in the world !" said Antoinette, in an animated tone, but really with the intention of making proof of her son's early decision of character.

" No ! indeed," answered Louis, " I would not even change it for that beautiful piece of Go-

belin tapestry,* which you carried me to see, the other day. But I want to give it to Darlingcourt, in place of his drowned timepiece ; and, as soon as uncle comes again to La Trianon, I will tell him what a naughty boy I have been, and beg him not to be angry, because I gave away his pretty present."

"You are quite right, my son," said Marie Antoinette, kissing him cheerily on either cheek. "Go, now, make reparation for your fault ; and let this early incident, my dear boy, serve as a warning through all your afterlife, against giving way to those sudden fits of passion, which make us unjust towards our fellow-creatures, and put a man of sense on a level with the brute."

The young prince promised to remember his mother's advice, and a bright smile lit up his face, as, with the watch in his hand, he ran back to the garden. Charlotte and Darlingcourt met him in the green pathway, when Louis, rushing forward, threw the slender chain round the page's neck, exclaiming, "Now, dear Darlingcourt, forgive me ; for I am very sorry for what I have done, and hope you will like my watch as well as your own." He was surprised, when the boy drew his own timepiece from his pocket, (for he had succeeded in fishing it out of the pond,) and assured

* A very rich tapestry, which received its name from Gobelin, a famous French dyer, who flourished about 1630, and was celebrated for his fine scarlet colors. A manufactory of tapestries was erected near his estate, in 1666, and the fabric has always been known as the Gobelin tapestry.

his young master, that, although the works were somewhat injured, he was certain it could be easily repaired, and that he would not deprive him of his own splendid watch.

“I am very glad that you have yours safe again,” rejoined the prince ; “but I insist on it, that you retain mine also ; because mamma says it will be a good lesson, and prevent me from getting so angry at another time.”

After a long refusal, the page was obliged to accept of his young master’s beautiful present, and thus had two timepieces, instead of one.

The children all agreed that Louis had behaved very handsomely ; and Mrs. Seymour observed, that it was distressing to think that so sensitive and noble minded a boy should be changed, by hard treatment, into an ignorant and degraded being.

“What do you mean, mother ?” asked Frank ; “I have heard nothing to make me think that a young prince is any thing else but happy, until now, when your remark seems to imply something bad to come. Tell us, what happened afterwards to Louis ?”

“You shall soon learn, my boy,” replied Mr. Seymour.

On that very evening, Marie Antoinette returned to the court of Versailles, to meet her husband, who had come back from Paris, where he had successfully allayed a tumult among the populace. The children passed a happy evening with their parents ; but, shortly after bedtime,

they were awakened by fierce noises, and the shouts of a frantic mob. They ran to the adjoining chamber, where their mother slept, but found her weeping bitterly, while their father was not to be seen. Presently, the chamber door was burst open, the faithful page, who always attended, was stabbed mortally, several men, covered with blood, rushed in, and Marie Antoinette had hardly time to escape with her children to their apartment, before the room was filled with ruffians, who plunged daggers through her bed, and were about seeking her further, when the good Lafayette entered, with a band of the National guard, and succeeded in delivering the Queen from her perilous condition. Throwing a shawl round his mistress's shoulders, he led her to the balcony, where he had already restored some tranquillity among the multitude. When she appeared, together with the King, many persons of both sexes received them with loud shouts of "*To Paris! To Paris!*" for the poor creatures thought that their wrongs would be redressed, when the royal family visited the Capital.

In pursuance of their desire, the Sovereigns, with the two children, and attended by the brave Lafayette, left Versailles and proceeded to Paris; but no tongue can describe the scenes which those dreadful hours disclosed. Instead of the solemn hush, which belongs to midnight, their ears were assailed with the savage and ferocious shouts of a mad and rebellious multitude; the bloody heads of numerous victims were carried in

triumph before the royal carriages ; hundreds of half-naked women were seen in every direction, giving way to the most horrid excesses of passion, as they shrieked fierce songs, and tore their hair with maniac gestures, howling, "Bread ! bread ! to Paris ! to Paris !" and every now and then, the clash of swords was heard, as the National guard, who watched over the safety of the royal family, were compelled to use force against the raging populace.

"What excited the Frenchmen so dreadfully ?" asked George.

"I will tell you," replied Mr. Seymour.

The people were not satisfied with the King's late change of minister of finances, who imposed upon them new and heavy taxes, which they were unwilling to pay. They hated their lovely, but thoughtless, Queen, because she spent large sums of money, when the people were starving for want of bread ; and the American Independence, but lately declared, had blown their already kindled spirits into a fearful blaze.

For a long time after their arrival in Paris, the unhappy family were exposed to every indignity, until, at last, an infamous man, named Robespierre, seized the helm of state, and confined the royal captives in the tower of the Temple.

As my story chiefly relates to young Louis, I would advise you, when you grow older, to read a full history of the French Revolution, and proceed now to unfold the fate of this beautiful and gentle child. At first, he was not so unhappy in

prison, as one might suppose, because his loving parents used every measure to beguile the hours of their children's captivity. The jailer was sometimes startled, when he heard their merry laughter, as they read some amusing story in the pretty picture-books, with which they were indulged ; and he would often wonder, that the King could be so calm, when, hour after hour, he heard him encouraging Louis and Charlotte in their lessons, or joining in their artless games of amusement.

Poor children ! they did not long enjoy the presence of their beloved father. One morning, in the middle of January, an armed guard led the King away to submit to the sentence of death, and his family had not even the comfort of witnessing the calmness which distinguished his last moments, when, standing on the scaffold, he gazed silently on the vast multitude, who had assembled to see him lay his head on the block, and addressed them thus : " Frenchmen ! I die innocent. I pardon all my enemies, and I pray that France may not suffer for the blood about to be shed."

Even that would have been a consolation to them. Marie Antoinette was completely overwhelmed with despair, after her husband's death ; but their aunt Elizabeth, the angel sister of the King, notwithstanding her own misery, tried to soothe the weeping and heart-broken children, as they sat in speechless grief, after their father's departure. She read such beautiful passages in the Bible as they could understand ; she taught them

pieces of sacred poetry, such as were calculated to soothe their wounded spirits, and, above all, she often made them kneel by her side, and prayed God to take pity on them, and their unhappy country.

One evening, while she was thus piously employed, the door of their cell was burst open, little Louis was rudely torn from the embraces of his dear relatives, and, in spite of all his childish and affecting supplications, and the united prayers of his family, they carried him by force to a dark and dirty cell, far away from the one where he had so long been confined, and where the society of those, whom he loved, helped to sustain his tender spirit.

My heart bleeds to tell the refinement of barbarity, with which this heir-apparent* to a great kingdom was now treated. He was put under the care of a hard-hearted cobbler, named Simon, who tried, by wicked instructions, to destroy every good and pious feeling which existed in the boy's guileless breast. He beat and tortured him, until his mind became so much weakened, that he abused, at times, his own dear father and mother ; and, when poor little Louis would sit sobbing, in his miserable cell, as if his heart would break, the brutal cobbler would call him by horrid names, and make him sing one silly and wicked song after another, of those which he had taught him ; as-

* In a monarchy, the person who is the next in order in succession to the reigning king, or, who is to be the next *king* when the reigning king dies, is called the heir-apparent.

suring him that they were far better than the pious hymns, which he once learned from his excellent aunt. Sometimes, the hapless prince would be so overcome with distress and exhaustion, that he could not raise his voice sufficiently, and then his keeper would resort to such punishments, as humanity shudders to think of.

“Oh! I never imagined that there was any body in the world so wicked,” exclaimed Frank, in broken accents. “Poor little Louis! how I feel for his hard fate.”

They tried to injure him, in every way, continued Mr. Seymour. For, when Simon discovered that Louis was fond of neatness, he took away his clean clothes, and dressed him, like a chimney-sweeper, in dirty rags; and, when he found him one day apparently delighted with the playful gambols of a favorite little dog, named Thisbe, which belonged to his mother, and had accidentally slipt, that morning, into his young master's cell, the brutal jailer was deaf to the child's earnest entreaties, that he would not drive away the only friend he had left in the world, and, instead of gratifying him in this innocent request, he rudely tore the dog from his arms, and killed it on the spot.

For want of good example and education, the best natural talents soon become depressed and lost; and, instructed hitherto, desirous to learn, obliging, amiable, and expressing himself in polite and graceful language, the unfortunate prince now begun to show himself exactly the

reverse of what he had been, and, at last, made a merit of being as rude and profane as possible, except at times, when his disturbed reason seemed to recover its clearness, and then he would mourn his delinquencies, and pray to God to have compassion on him.

“The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy,” murmured Julia, as if unconsciously; and then she added, “I cannot think that death was any thing dreadful for the poor boy.”

“No! my daughter,” replied Mr. Seymour, with solemnity. “Eternity, I trust, seemed all peace and joy to that bleeding heart and that care-worn spirit, as it departed to that better country, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest; and I joy to think, that he dwells

‘ Where death can plant
No seeds of bitter sorrow; in a land
Whose flowers are never-fading, and whose Sun,
Fed from the Fount of Love, knows no decline,’

and lives, perhaps,

‘ A Seraph, with heaven’s light upon its wing.’

“But to continue my sad story.”

Though this unhappy child was quite too young to take care of himself, no one ever attended to his wants, and he became disagreeably dirty. The air which he breathed was so close and unwholesome, that his blood grew inflamed, his health was destroyed, and death would have been a blessed summons to the poor sufferer. After some time, he was not allowed to see a human being, and

the food, necessary for each day, was conveyed through a turning-box in the door, and, if he forgot to return the plate, at the proper time, to receive a fresh supply; he was allowed to starve through the whole of the next twenty-four hours. When he received it, he often consumed at once, what ought to have served for three meals, and then he would roll on his mattress, and give way to passion, until his miserable bed was worn to tatters.

One night, after a day of restless idleness, little Louis fell asleep on his hard bed; and when the jailer looked in, to see that all was safe, he was surprised to see a sweet smile playing on the boy's wasted features. He was dreaming, most probably, of his once happy home, with its pretty garden and flowers, and his languid countenance brightened up in slumber, as he fancied that he was lying on his dear mother's lap, as in former days, at La Trianon. Alas! the brutal keeper even grudged him a dream, for suddenly he was startled from the sweet vision by the loud cry of "Capet! Capet!" as they called him in prison. Springing in a fright from his bed, the shivering captive ran to an aperture in the door, and asked in a trembling, supplicating voice, "What do you want?"

"Only to see you," growled the barbarous jailer, pleased with having destroyed his tranquil sleep. "Now back to your kennel, wolf-cub! for all's right."

"Oh! father, hush! hush! now," sobbed

Frank, who was convulsed with tears. "I cannot bear to hear any longer of such dreadful cruelty."

"The little prince's sad life is almost finished," replied Mr. Seymour, "and I would not tell the rest, but that I want to convince you all, entirely, of the superior happiness of that middle station, in which a good God has been pleased to place you."

About this period, a change took place in the French Revolution, and the tyrant Robespierre, who had so deluged the streets with blood, that canals were necessary to convey it to the river Seine, was himself led to execution, amidst the execrations of the people; and he presented a horrid spectacle, for one of his eyes was hanging out of the socket, and his lower jaw, which had been separated by a musket-ball, was attached to the upper, by means of a handkerchief. At his death, the prisons of Paris were thrown open; the captives were released; and the lot of poor Louis was instantly ameliorated.

"But what became of Charlotte, and her mother, and aunt?" asked Mary Grey. "I almost forgot them, in thinking of poor Louis."

Alas! I neglected telling you, that both Marie Antoinette and Elizabeth shared a like fate with the King; but the young princess was still a prisoner, although treated far better than her unhappy brother. As soon as Charlotte was liberated, she besought her friends to take her to Louis, who was now conveyed to a comfortable

chamber, where the best physicians attended him, and every costly delicacy was prepared for his lost appetite. As his sister approached his bedside, she was shocked on finding that he did not rise to embrace her, as he once loved to do. Judge of her horror, when, on opening the curtain, she saw a thin, pale skeleton, covered with sores, and with no glance of meaning in his youthful countenance, which was once the seat of cheerfulness and beaming affection.

“ Louis ! brother ! dear Louis ! speak to me ! say that you remember your poor sister ! ” sobbed the distressed Charlotte, as she sank, half-dead with anguish, on the floor. But the young prince’s sullen apathy of mind hardly gave way to his sister’s tears and caresses ; and, although he seemed sometimes pleased at her presence, yet he spoke little during the few remaining days of his life.

Once he roused from his stupor, and, with a fearful shiver, asked his attendant, what had become of his keeper, Simon, exclaiming, softly, “ Ah ! he has done me much wrong. ”

“ If you were king, ” said his friend, “ what would you do with him, my little master ? ”

“ I would try to forget all the harm he did me, ” replied the dying prince ; and, shortly after this benevolent sentiment, he expired, in the tenth year of his age, happier, a thousand times, had he never seen the light, or if he had been born at the greatest distance from a throne surrounded with dangers and crimes. But it is time, my young friends, to conclude the history of this unfortunate

prince, the account of which I could never read without tears.

There was not a dry eye among the group of listeners, when Mr. Seymour finished his narrative; and a perfect stillness ensued, for some minutes, as the children silently compared their situation in life, with that of the unhappy Louis. At last, Julia groped her way to her mother's chair, and, throwing her arm tenderly round her neck, whispered softly, "Do not be so anxious about me, dear mamma. I am very sorry that I behaved so foolishly, this morning, when Doctor Wilson bade me be ready to receive him to-morrow; and I am glad papa told us about poor Louis, this evening, for the whole time he was speaking, I was comparing my condition with his. And how much I have to be thankful for! Kind parents, a good doctor, a happy home, and soon, perhaps, my precious eyesight. Oh! I know that I ought not to complain, when I have all these," sobbed the affectionate girl, as she returned her mother's loving kiss.

Mr. Seymour saw that his daughter's mind was too much excited, and putting little Rose from his knee, where she sat, with her tearful blue eyes fixed inquiringly on her sister's face, as if she was trying to find some innocent way of soothing her distress, he approached Julia, and seating her by her favorite Mary, he playfully led the way to a cheerful conversation with the girls, after distributing to each of the group, a copy of the following lines, written by his wife.

Though regal the chamber, and stately the dome,
 Where royalty maketh its favorite home ;
 Though homage and wealth spread their soft, gilded thrall,
 And the accents of flattery ceaselessly fall ;
 Yet O ! I would never desire to be
 That proud one, to whom tutored crowds bend the knee.

His lot may be bright, as yon star in the sky,
 That shines, like an undying spirit on high ;
 His life may read well in the annals of fame,
 And a halo of splendor may circle his name ;
 Yet the star is too often bedimmed by a cloud,
 And 'neath whispered suspicions, his soul may have bowed.

Far better ! far better ! to claim from our birth,
 Some humble, yet constant, abode on this earth ;
 Where the true love of friends forms the heart's richest
 wealth,

And no dreams of ambition disturb the mind's health,
 But it keepeth forever the freshness of youth,
 And grows in contentment, and virtue, and truth.

Such, such be our station ; and O ! may no sigh
 Of ingratitude rise to our Father on high,
 Who has placed us within a bright garden, where none
 Of the Upas-tree, Grandeur, a fit soil hath won ;
 But where daily employment and well-ordered deeds
 Make the pleasant exertion man's restless soul needs.

THE CONCLUSION.

PERHAPS my little readers have looked, with some anxiety, to the time, when our little friend, Julia, was to submit to the operation, which was esteemed the most proper means for the recovery of her sight.

Good Doctor Wilson had constantly visited her, during the long weeks which had elapsed since her

illness ; and, although there were moments, & the sweet girl was able to distinguish some gleam of light, through that thick darkness which lasted from noonday to midnight, yet her skilful physician deemed it advisable to employ his surgical aid, and, notwithstanding every wish, and even the most formed fancy, was anticipated by her devoted parents and friends, yet, at times, the afflicted was so completely dispirited by her deplorable state, (for she possessed a naturally lively and active disposition,) that she seemed even anxious to hasten the period for the performance of the operation.

Her fortitude was put to the test, some time sooner than she anticipated, for the very day of the children's last meeting brought the dreary time.

It was a bright and cloudless Spring morning when the doctor entered the apartment where Maria sat, busily engaged in prompting her little sister Rose, through the following simple poem, table, altered from Parley's Magazine, and proposed on the same clever plan as the multiplication-table in rhyme, which every child will find of real aid in helping him, or her, to overcome that heavy stumbling-block in the path of knowledge. It reads thus :

“ Sixty seconds make a minute ;
 “ Sixty minutes make an hour ; ”—
 I wish I were a little linnet,
 Hopping in her leafy bower,
 And then I should not have to sing it,
 “ Sixty minutes make an hour.”

“ Twenty-four hours make a day ;
“ Seven days make a week ;”—
I would rather at my marbles play,
Or run at cunning “ hide and seek,”
Or in the garden gather flowers,
Than tell the days that make a week.
“ In a month the weeks are four,
“ And twelve months will make a year ;”
I must say it o’er and o’er,
Or it never will be clear ;
So my heart shall still be in it,—
“ Sixty seconds make a minute.”

Doctor Wilson stole softly into the middle of the room, before either of the children heard his approaching step, for they sat in a deep recess of the window, which opened on a pretty little garden-plot, where the bright glistening foliage of the orange-trees completely overshadowed beds of violets and pinks. As Rose reached the last lines, she clapped her plump hands zealously together, and raised her laughing eyes to her sister’s face ; but just then she observed the physician, who was a general favorite in Mr. Seymour’s family, and running forward, she eagerly caught his extended hand.

As the doctor kissed her rosy cheek, the child saw that he did not smile so cheerfully as usual, but that he looked thoughtfully and anxiously at his patient. In a moment the truth flashed on her young mind, and, slipping from his embrace, she ran back to her sister, and twining her arms fondly round her, as if to defend her from any coming evil, murmured, as she did so, “ Poor, poor sister Julia !”

Just then, Mrs. Seymour entered ; and, taking her aside, Doctor Wilson proposed that she should at once unfold the purpose of his visit, adding, " I am sure that you will agree with me, when I observe, that, in such cases, it is best to give as little time as possible for the imagination to exercise its powers ; as the patient, by such means, is often made to magnify the pain, and shrinks more and more from the trial. I have summoned your husband from his office, and here he comes."

Mr. Seymour arrived, as the surgeon spoke ; and, although his wife was very pale, there was a calmness in her manner, as she approached the sofa where Julia sat, and, with trembling limbs and tearful eyes, made the necessary disclosure.

I will not tell you all the good arguments used by her judicious parents and cheerful, though sympathizing, physician, to encourage the timid child ; but I wish you could have seen the air of meek and patient fortitude, with which she took her seat in the large chair brought from Doctor Wilson's office, and which was constructed in such a way, that the patient was entirely under his control. I think it would be an example to any of my little readers, who might ever be reduced to similar painful circumstances. Rose screamed so loudly with terror, when she saw the surgeon's chair brought into the room, that her father carried her by force to another apartment ; and when he returned, Doctor Wilson had his instruments already in his hands, and said soothingly to his silent, but

agitated, patient, "Now, my dear ! hold your father's and mother's hands ; sit quite motionless ; and, in a short time, all will be over."

It was a relief to the agonized parents, when they saw the unlooked-for fortitude with which the dear sufferer bore the delicate operation ; but who can describe their ecstasy, when, as the surgeon removed the instrument, Julia suddenly exclaimed, " Mother ! Father ! I see you both !" and clasped her parent's hands, with a spasmodic energy and strength.

" I give you joy, my dear Julia," said the affectionate surgeon, with a loving kiss, " only be patient, and your young eye will soon be clear as a sunbeam." And then he bade her tell the color of a flower, which he drew from a boquet on the mantelpiece. " O ! what a beautiful speckled pink !" exclaimed the delighted girl. But, before she could take a second look around her, a soft bandage was drawn across her eyes, and, lifting her in his arms, her father soothed her agitated spirit, as he laid her on the sofa ; telling her, she must wear the bandage for a few days longer, until her tender vision became gradually inured to the light, after which, she should have every impediment removed.

Julia felt very anxious to make immediate use of her recovered sight ; but she readily agreed to the just advice of her friends ; and when Doctor Wilson departed, his heart was filled with pleasurable emotions, as he gazed on the smiling face of his gentle patient, and he felt that there is no

gratification so perfect, as that of relieving a fellow-creature, and, most of all, a suffering child.

The happy news soon spread among Julia's schoolmates, and many of them came to express their sympathy and joy at her recovery ; but none were more apparently delighted than Mary Grey, who had deeply felt her friend's misfortune, and postponed many a pleasant project, until her dear Julia, as she said, could see once more.

It was a glad Saturday, when our young friend was restored to the blessings of sight. As she sat at the breakfast-table, with little Rose close at her elbow, and received the congratulations of her parents and affectionate brothers, she joyously exclaimed, " I am sure this is the best day of my life ! and I will never forget the minute when Doctor Wilson removed the last bandage, and told me to use my eyes as much as I pleased. And yet," she added, " I do not think, mamma, I have suffered as much as most people would have done, in my situation ; for every body tried their best to amuse my mind, and, when father was telling us those stories about some of the different countries of Europe, I used often to forget that I was blind, and could only think of what he was speaking."

" I am glad, my daughter," observed Mr. Seymour, " that my trifling exertions have proved of any advantage to you, either in the way of amusement or instruction ; and perhaps, at some future time, I may prepare a series of tales, connected with the most important divisions of Asia, which may be made equally interesting."

“Ah! that would be delightful,” exclaimed Julia and the boys, at the same moment; “and mamma,” added Henry, “you must not forget to write a piece of poetry about every story, as you have been doing; for we all liked them very much, and Alice Somers told me that she had committed every line to memory.”

Mrs. Seymour smiled a willing assent, and drawing a sheet of paper from her work-table, she said, “Here, Julia, I have written these lines expressly for you; but if they agree with your feelings, my dear, you may read them aloud, for your father and brothers.”

The gratified girl glanced over the contents of the manuscript, with moistened eyes, and then read aloud, to the listening group, the following lines.

HYMN ON THE RECOVERY OF SIGHT.

O, Thou! Who, merciful and good!
 Dost all our ceaseless wants supply;
 Who watchest o'er us, every hour,
 With never-tiring, sleepless eye;
 Fain would my grateful spirit raise
 A hymn to my Creator's praise.

Full are Thy mercies, God of Love!
 Thy kindnesses on me are shed,
 As morning's dew-drops, when they fall
 Upon the thirsty floweret's head;
 And daily blessings filled life's cup,
 E'en to its very summit, up.

Thus bright the world around me shone,
 Yet basking in its sunny lot,

My heart, by trials yet unmoved,
 Thy providential hand forgot ;
 Until a time, with anguish fraught,
 Awakened *my first hour of thought.*

O ! then what chill, o'ershadowing gloom
 Hung, like a dark pall, o'er my mind ;
 " Better, far better, I were dead !"
Almost I whispered, " than be blind ;"
 But soon hope's rainbow, soft, yet clear,
 Gilded those brooding clouds of fear.

Methought my fate was not all sad ;
 For though, alas ! I could not *see*,
 I *felt*, like an electric spark,
 Each tenderness, friends heaped on me ;
 And oft, within my chastened breast,
 Peace sat, a still, but smiling, guest.

And when, as now, the blessed light
 Bursts on me, like a new-born joy,
 And earth spreads out, before my gaze,
 In loveliness, without alloy ;
 My spirit, as some gladsome bird,
 Gushes forth praise, though all unheard

Yon crystal sky, that, in the East,
 Seems melting to one golden flood,
 This globe, released from slumber's chain,
 Fair as when God pronounced it good,
 Aye, e'en the humblest flower I see
 Doth lead my wakened soul to Thee.

Father ! all-merciful ! all-kind !
 Teach me, in these my days of youth,
 To count, with ever-growing care,
 Each token of Thy love and truth,
 And may I meekly bear Thy will,
 Whether it be for good or ill.















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The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. This includes not only sales and purchases but also the flow of cash and the collection of receivables. It is essential to ensure that all entries are supported by proper documentation, such as invoices and receipts, to avoid any discrepancies or errors.

In addition, the document highlights the need for regular reconciliation of accounts. This process involves comparing the company's internal records with the bank statements to identify any differences. By doing so, the company can quickly detect and correct any mistakes, ensuring that its financial statements are accurate and reliable.

Another key aspect of financial management is the timely payment of liabilities. The document emphasizes that failing to pay suppliers and other creditors on time can lead to damaged relationships and potential legal issues. Therefore, it is crucial to establish a clear payment schedule and to adhere to it strictly.

Finally, the document stresses the importance of budgeting and cost control. By setting a budget and monitoring expenses against it, the company can identify areas where costs are being overspent and take corrective action. This helps to improve the company's overall financial performance and ensure that it remains profitable in the long run.

In conclusion, effective financial management is essential for the success of any business. By following the principles outlined in this document, companies can ensure that their financial records are accurate, their liabilities are paid on time, and their costs are kept under control. This will help them to achieve their long-term goals and maintain a strong financial position.